THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

OCTOBER, 1803.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF *OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. D.*

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.

FEW poets have been greater favorites with the public than the subject of our memoir; indeed his prose as well as his poetical writings have been very favorably received. His history also is altogether remarkable, and affords pleasing materials for a biography.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born at Roscommon, in Ireland, about the year 1730; and being the third son among four children, he was intended by his father for the church. With this view he was sent to Trinity College, Dublin, in the month of June, 1744; here staying five years, he obtained the usual degree, as a

reward for his application. Relinquishing, however, his intentions respecting the church, he now thought of the study of physic, and in 1751 went to Edinburgh, that he might fit himself for that profession. During his continuance at the Scotch metropolis, he soon became conspicuous by his want of economy, and indeed by the profusion of his generosity. He engaged to pay a sum for a fellow-student, when he probably could not pay his own debts; in consequence of this rash promise, he was obliged to leave Scotland with precipitation. Such was the termination of those studies which he entered upon, with a view to the medical profession.

But notwithstanding his flight, he was not successful in his escape from his pursuers: at Sunderland he was arrested at the suit of the taylor, in Edinburgh, to whom he had given security for his friend. At length, by the favor of his fellow-students at college, who probably admired his wit as much as they pitied his want of that necessary article, *worldly prudence*, he was released from the clutches of the bailiff, and once more was set at liberty. He immediately took shipping, and passed over to Rotterdam.

It may seem somewhat strange, that an individual, thus poor and pennyless, should think of seeing the world: but men of genius do not act by common rules—they spring forward beyond the usual line of conduct, and meditate deeds of a daring complexion. This was

strictly the case with Goldsmith on the present singular occasion.

Upon his arrival at Rotterdam, we are assured that, having gratified his curiosity, he proceeded to Brussels; then visited a large portion of Flanders. Having passed some time also at Strasburg and Louvain, where he obtained a degree in medicine, he accompanied an English gentleman to Geneva. It is an undoubted fact that this ingenious man travelled on foot, having left England with a very small sum of money. He had some knowledge of the French language and of music; he played tolerably well on the German flute, which became a means of subsistence, though originally it was nothing more than an amusement. His learning and other attainments procured his hospitable reception at the religious houses, and his music made him welcome to the peasants of Flanders and Germany. Hence he remarks—"Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards night, I played my most merry tunes, and that generally procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day." At the same time, he honestly confesses that the higher ranks had not any taste for his music: "they," says he, "always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavours to please them!" This circumstance confirms the remark often made, that there is more real benevolence amongst the middling and lower classes of society. Were the music ever so mean, a poor man at the

door doing his utmost to amuse, ought to excite some degree of compassion—he is a proper object of generosity.

When Goldsmith arrived at Geneva, he became tutor to a young man, who, having a fortune left him, was determined to see the world. They visited the south of France together, where, disagreeing, they parted. He, however, in spite of many difficulties, continued to travel, and saw most part of France; he at length, bending his course homeward, landed at Dover, 1758—thus returning in perfect safety.

On his reaching this country, his finances were so low, that with difficulty he got to London, where, though a *batchelor of medicine*, he applied to several apothecaries to be received into their shops as a journeyman! His broad Irish accent, and the uncouthness of his appearance, prevented the success of his applications. At last a chemist had pity on him, and took him into a laboratory, where he continued till the arrival of his old friend, Dr. Sleigh, in London. Soon after this period, he was engaged to assist at the academy of Dr. John Milner, Peckham, where he was treated with kindness and attention. The daughter of this respectable gentleman is still alive, and lately communicated some entertaining anecdotes illustrative of his character and history.* At this seminary

* See a letter signed *J. Evans*, in the number of the Monthly Visitor for December, 1802.

he was much beloved by the young gentlemen, to whom he endeared himself by his affability and condescension.

It was much about this time he became an author, not only writing in the Monthly Review, but producing in the Public Ledger his 'Citizen of the World,' originally appearing under the title of 'Chinese Letters.' These were followed, at different intervals, by his 'Traveller,' 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Letters on the History of England,' 'Good-natured Man, and 'She stoops to conquer,' two comedies, 'Deserted Village,' &c. &c. with various other publications. These are so well known, that it is not necessary to describe them. His 'Vicar of Wakefield' is inimitable, and his two poems, the 'Traveller' and 'Deserted Village,' are masterpieces of description: however often we may have read them, such are the justness of their sentiments, the delicacy of their imagery, the benevolence of their tendency, inspiring the best of dispositions, we read them again with renewed pleasure and satisfaction.

From the publication and success of so many pieces, it is supposed that he must have cleared vast sums of money; but alas! he wanted that homely but essential virtue of *economy;* it is said also he was addicted to gaming, than which there is nothing more injurious to peace and plenty. Can we wonder then at his frequent embarrassments—can we be surprised that he was often struggling with the wretchedness of poverty? Never was a poor poet more careless

or lavish of money! Nor did his experience of the evil effects of such a conduct beget wisdom: in spite of the admonitions of his friends, and of the difficulties in which his conduct involved him, he, in this respect, preserved a steady and unvarying uniformity to the end of his days.

Thus contending with difficulties all his life time, a stranguary was destined to hasten his dissolution. He is said at last to have sunk into an habitual despondency. In this lamentable state, a nervous fever attacked him, and terminated his existence, April 1774, in the 45th year of his age. He was regretted by his friends and acquaintance, who paid every proper token of respect to his memory. A small neat marble slab has been erected to him in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Johnson, who knew him well, and who used to tell strange anecdotes of him, drew up the inscription: it was first designed to be in Latin, but it was finally put into English—a language in which he had written with such success.

Islington. J. E.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 79.

BEAUTIES OF TASSO'S JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

(Hoole's Translation.)

THE Crusades of the middle ages occupy a large portion in the page of history—the nations of Europe joined heart and hand to drive the infidels or Turks from the land of Judea. It was a most splendid undertaking, and few expeditions made greater noise in the world. The variety of the characters engaged, and the singular events which occurred in the siege of Jerusalem form excellent materials for epic poetry. Tasso, the Italian poet, has taken up the subject with spirit, and Mr. Hoole has done him justice in the translation. According to our usual plan, we select some of the beauties of the poem which we are persuaded will be acceptable to the younger readers of our Miscellany.

The object of the Crusades is thus stated, in a few lines:

Far other prize our pious toils must crown—
We fight to conquer Sion's hallow'd town,
To free from servile yoke the Christian train,
Oppress'd so long in slavery's galling chain;
To found in Palestine a regal seat,
Where piety may find a safe retreat;

Where none the pilgrim's zeal shall more oppose,
To adore the tomb, and pay his grateful vows!

In enumerating the names of the leaders, the character of Rinaldo is thus drawn:

But lo! o'er these, o'er all the host confest,
The young Rinaldo tower'd above the rest:
With martial grace his looks around him cast,
And gazing crowds admir'd him as he pass'd:
Mature beyond his years his virtues shoot,
As mix'd with blossoms grows the budding fruit;
When clad in steel, he seems like Mars to move,
His face disclos'd, he looks the god of love!

The description of the christian army is spirited and impressive;

Now rang'd in martial pomp (a dreadful band),
Beneath their num'rous chiefs, in order stand;
Now man to man the thick battalions join'd,
Unfurl their banners to the sportive wind,
And in th' imperial standard, rais'd on high,
The cross triumphant blazes to the sky!

Their desire to be led on against the enemy is thus depicted in glowing colours:

Now had the night her drowsy pinions spread,
The winds were hush'd, the weary waves were dead;
The fish repos'd in seas and crystal floods;
The beasts retir'd in covert of the woods;
The painted birds in grateful silence slept,
And o'er the world a sweet oblivion crept:—
But not the faithful host, with thought oppress'd,
Nor could their leader taste the gift of rest—

Such ardent wishes in their bosoms burn,
So eager were they for the day's return,
To lead the forces to the hallow'd town,
The soldier's triumph, and the victor's crown!
With longing eyes they wait the morning light,
To chase with early beams the dusk of night!

Their approach to the city of Jerusalem is thus strongly drawn:

With holy zeal their swelling hearts abound,
And their wing'd footsteps scarcely print the ground;
When now the sun ascends the ethereal way,
And strikes the dusty field with warmer ray,
Behold Jerusalem in prospect lies—
Behold Jerusalem salutes their eyes!
At once a thousand tongues repeat the name,
And hail Jerusalem with loud acclaim!

Armida having addressed Godfrey, is thus described:

Disdain and sorrow seem her breast to rend,
While from her eyes the copious tears descend,
And trickling down her lovely visage, run,
Like lucid pearls transparent to the sun!

The preparation of the christian army for battle is terrible in the extreme:

Now sudden drawn from many warrior's thighs,
A thousand weapons flash against the skies:
In throngs around the gathering people press,
The tumult thickens, and the crouds increase;
Discordant murmurs rise, and echo round,
And mingled clamours to the clouds resound—
So near the ocean, on the rocky shore,
With broken noise the wind and billows roar!

We shall close this paper with a specimen of zeal with which the crusaders were exhorted to prosecute their great object:

Shall worldly glory, impotent and vain,
That fluctuates like the billows of the main,
Shall this with more respect thy bosom move
Than zeal for crowns that never fade above?
Avert it Heaven! be here thy rage resign'd,
Religion claims this conquest o'er thy mind!

From these extracts it is evident the poet possesses great merit, and we have seldom met with a more elegant, harmonious, and spirited translation.

LITERATURE.

MR. Pratt thus concludes his new volume of "Gleanings in England," and which, to borrow the language of one of the critics, we cannot help recommending to our readers with more than common earnestness, as it exhibits, amongst a variety of other subjects, the patriotic character of the author, in diction the most animated and splendid:

"Let all concur with one head, one hand, and one heart, in the common cause, and we must prove triumphant, since our safety is in our own power. Englishmen have only to stand forward in their own defence, and it is impossible any enemy can prevail against them.

" In addition to the above, I cannot close the volume with a more striking instance of the loyalty and zeal of our nobility, than by stating that the Duke of Northumberland, with that noble splendor which governs all his actions, has engaged to raise and maintain, during the war, at his own expence, one thousand men, to consist of cavalry and infantry, to be selected from his tenantry in Northumberland, and to serve in that district. The corps is to be commanded by his grace's eldest son, Earl Percy, in whom are united all the virtues and amiable qualities which so eminently distinguish his noble parents.

" But what is this to that which the arch foe means to do for us? What can the descendant of the far-famed Percy and his thousand 'true and merry men all' atchieve for Britons, in comparison with him, who, at the sacrifice only of a hundred families (of which this very Percy will be one), 'will impart to the people of England all the benefits of equality, the civilization of the human race, and the amelioration of the human species!'

" To this splendid text of our Gallic beatificator, let us borrow a sublime commentary from his congenial Marat, who maintained, 'that the amelioration and improvement of the human race could only be effected by chopping off 200,000 heads!'

" May the Gleaner be permitted to conclude with a wish, extorted by this sanguinary edict, that if this be the political creed of France, de-

termined upon at the new council of blood, those 200,000 heads may fall from the shoulders of the invaders, not the invaded! not from those of the British Army, but of that which is proudly called the Army of England."

THE REVENUE-OFFICER'S PEEP INTO THE WINE-CELLAR.

A COAST-OFFICER at Deal, some time since, upon the look-out for smugglers, descried a boat running on the beach at the grey of the morning, from which two pipes of wine were landed, and instantly carried off in a two-horse cart, by the smugglers, to a house at some short distance from the shore, with the owner of which the officer was intimate. Proceeding thither, with an assistant, in the course of the day, the owner of the house asked him kindly to come in the evening and smoke a pipe. "No, thank you," replied the officer, "I *smoked* a pipe or two too many with you this morning, and am now come to have a peep into your wine-cellar."

The two pipes were seized, and half a dozen more into the bargain.

Great Public Characters.

NO. 12.

LORD NELSON.

(*Concluded from our last volume, p. 392.*)

AS some reward for the valour and discretion displayed by the admiral in his brilliant victory of Aboukir, his own sovereign bestowed upon him the honors of the peerage, by the title of Baron Nelson, of Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, and of the Nile; and his Sicilian majesty created him Duke of Bronti, in Naples.

The war still continued, and the name and abilities of his lordship were too eminent to be allowed to rest unemployed for the service of his country. In the expedition placed under the orders of Sir Hyde Parker, and destined to break a league between the northern powers, known by the name of the Armed Neutrality, Lord Nelson acted a very conspicuous part.—Early in the morning of the 11th of May, 1801, the admiral made the signal for seeing land; and on the 19th, about noon, his ship made the Scaw, which was the first general rendezvous of the fleet. From the 21st to the 24th, there were in general foul winds, heavy falls of sleet, snow, and rain, which, added to a chilling cold, caused the officers and crews to suffer incredible fatigue.

During the negotiations that were carried on previous to passing the Sound, an incident occurred, which, though trivial in itself, may lead to point out the mode of thinking then prevalent in the court of Denmark, and the perfect state of security in which the Danes considered themselves at that time. An officer of distinction, high in favor with the prince, came on board the admiral, with a verbal answer to one of our proposals; and finding some difficulty in expressing with sufficient accuracy the sentiments of his court, was requested to communicate them in writing. The pen brought for this purpose happening to be ill pointed, he held it up, and observed with a sarcastic smile to those about him, "If your guns are not better pointed than your pens, you will make little impression on Copenhagen."

On the 28th, orders were given to prepare for battle, and Lord Nelson was appointed to lead the attack. The afternoon of the 29th was principally employed in clearing the ships for action, which was done with the utmost alacrity and expedition; and it now remained to give a practical refutation of a long-established error: it had been a received opinion that the possession of Cronenburgh castle gave to the Danes an uncontrouled command of the passage of the sound; and the Danes have so far profited by the imagined advantage of their situation as to have exercised, for more than a century, the undisputed right of levying contributions on all vessels, in proportion to the value of the cargo, trading to and from the Baltic. The tacit as-

sent given by the European powers to this flagrant imposition, apparently justified by the sanction of time, so far confirmed the Danes in the validity of this opinion, that they considered any augmentation of the works as superfluous; and relying on the co-operation of the Swedes, had neglected rendering the approach of the British (as by means of floating batteries they might) an attempt of real difficulty.

The wind being as fair as the most sanguine expectations could desire, the admiral, to the inexpressible joy of the whole fleet, made, on the morning of the 30th, the signal to weigh and form the order of battle. Lord Nelson was ordered to lead the van, while Sir Hyde Parker, acted with his devision in the rear, as a corps de reserve; and such was the promptitude in executing the orders to form the line and engage, that at half past six the Monarch (appointed to lead the fleet) was so far advanced that the enemy commenced a heavy and well supported fire from the whole line of his positions, which was instantaneously returned from the leading ships, and from some of those of the centre and rear divisions. No one circumstance during the operations of this day contributed so efficaciously to their success as the silence of the Swedish batteries. Whether the conduct of the court of Stockholm on this occasion originated in any secret misunderstanding between itself and that of Copenhagen, or whether it trembled for its town of Helsinburg, it is not for us to determine; but in point of fact not a single shot was fired from the Swedish

shore, and at half past ten every ship had passed the Sound, without sustaining the slightest injury, except the loss of six or seven men killed and wounded on board the Isis, by the bursting of one of her lower-deck guns.

Lord Nelson having offered his service for conducting the attack, after having examined and buoyed the outer channel of the middle ground, proceeded with twelve ships of the line, all the frigates, bombs, fire-ships, and all the small vessels; and, on, the same evening of the 1st of April, anchored off Draco Point, to make his disposition for the attack, and wait for the wind to the southward.

It was agreed on, between the admiral and vice-admiral, that the ships remaining with the former should weigh at the same moment his lordship did, and menace the Crown batteries, and four Danish ships of the line that lay at the entrance of the arsenal; as also to cover our disabled ships as they should come out of the action.

In the morning of April 2d, Lord Nelson made the signal for the squadron to weigh and to engage the Danish line, consisting of six sail of the line, eleven floating batteries, from 26 twenty-four pounders to 18 eighteen-pounders, and one bomb-ship, besides schooner gun-vessels. These were supported by the Crown Islands, mounting 38 cannon, and four sail of the line moored in the harbour's mouth, and some batteries, as above noticed, on the island of Amack. The bomb-ship and schooner gun-vessels made their escape. The other seven-

teen sail, being the whole of the Danish line to the southward of the Crown Islands, after a battle of four hours, were sunk, burnt, or taken.

From the very intricate navigation, two of our ships, the Bellona and Russel, unfortunately grounded; but, although not in the situation assigned them, in such a place as enabled them to be of great service. The Agamemnon could not weather the shoal of the middle, and was unavoidably obliged to anchor. These accidents prevented the extension of our line by the three ships just mentioned, which Lord Nelson was confident would have silenced the Crown Islands, with the two outer ships in the harbour's mouth, and prevented a heavy loss of men in the Defiance and Monarch, and which unhappily threw the gallant and good Captain Riou under a very heavy fire: the consequence was the death of that commander, and many brave officers and men in the frigates and sloops. The bombs were directed and took their stations abreast of the Elephant, in which the vice-admiral had hoisted his flag, and threw some shells into the arsenal.

Captain Rose, who volunteered his services to direct the gun-brigs, did every thing that was possible to get them forward, but the current was too forcible for them to be of service during the action. The boats of those ships of the line which were not ordered on the attack, afforded the squadron engaged every assistance. The Desire took her station in raking the

southernmost Danish Ship, and performed the greatest service.

The action began at five minutes past ten. The van was led by Capt. George Murray, of the Edgar, who set a noble example of intrepidity, which was followed by every officer and man in the navy.

The loss, in such a battle was naturally very heavy. The total amount of the killed and wounded was stated at 943. Among the killed, besides Capt. Riou, was Capt. Moss, of the Monarch. Among the wounded, Sir Thomas B. Thompson, of the Bellona, who lost his leg. Lord Nelson, from whose report of the action to Sir H. Parker we have extracted these particulars, bestowed the warmest and most liberal praise on all concerned; and on none more than on those officers and men whose utmost exertions had proved ineffectual.

We now proceed to take notice of some other particulars respecting the engagement, not mentioned by Lord Nelson.

The carnage on board the Danish ships was excessive; it was calculated by the commander-in-chief, Oliver Fither, at 1800. The vessels were crouded with men, and from some singular neglect, probably originating in the idea of the wounded being so near the city that they should be immediately accommodated there, there was not on board their block-ships a single surgeon. When our people boarded them, they found hundreds bleeding to death. As soon as the fire of the Danish line slackened, and Lord Nelson perceived that the ships and

batteries of the enemy were in his power, he went to his cabin, and wrote a letter to the prince royal, representing the expediency of allowing a flag of truce to pass, and stating, that if this was denied, he should be under the necessity of destroying the floating batteries then in his power, while it would be impossible to save those brave men by whom they were defended. This note was addressed "To the brothers of Englishmen, the Danes." When, in consequence of this representation, he received permission to land, and went on shore to adjust terms of reconciliation: he was received by the brave and generous Danes with the loudest acclamations, and treated by the accomplished Prince of Denmark with every mark of respect. The immediate consequence of their conference was an armistice, which soon led to an amicable convention.

Lord Nelson told the crown prince's aid-de-camp, Colonel Lindholm, who waited on him respecting the proffered flag of truce, that "the French fought bravely, but that they could not have stood one hour the fight which the Danes maintained for four. I have been in 105 engagements (said he) in the course of my life, but that of to-day was the most terrible of all."

Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, in his dispatches to the admiralty, said, "Were it possible for me to add any thing to the well-earned renown of Lord Nelson, it would be by asserting that his exertions, great as they have hitherto been, never were carried to a higher pitch of zeal for his country's service."

An invasion having been threatened on the part of France, and a considerable number of small vessels collected along the coasts of the republic, particularly in the harbour of Boulogne, preparatory to such an attack, Lord Nelson had once more an opportunity of exerting his valour and talents. He accordingly hoisted his flag on board the Unite frigate, then lying at Sheerness, and took upon him the command of fifteen other frigates, and a considerable number of gun-boats and craft, stationed from Portsmouth, up the straits of Dover, to the northern extremity of the island. On this undertaking he was invested with very extensive and unusual powers. He was also allowed by the admiralty three aides-de-camp, an indulgence unprecedented, but granted in consideration of the inconveniencies he is exposed to, through the want of his right arm. During this enterprize, Lord Nelson made repeated attacks: his successes, though small in themselves, were great and valuable in their aggregate amount; the enemy received an important check, and the individual valour was, perhaps, never more strikingly displayed.

The threatened invasion was thus happily checked, and the preliminaries of peace being shortly afterwards signed, Lord Nelson found a period to a long series of severe, though glorious labours. The Gazette of August 4, announced that the king had "been pleased to grant the dignity of baron of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to the right honorable Horatio Viscount Nelson, knight of the

most honorable order of the Bath, and vice-admiral of the blue squadron of his majesty's fleet (Duke of Bronti, in Sicily, knight of the Grand Cross of the order of St. Ferdinand and of Merit, and of the Imperial order of the Crescent) and to the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, style, and title of Baron Nelson of the Nile, and of Hillborough, in the county of Norfolk; with remainders to Edmund Nelson, clerk, rector of Burnham-Thorpe, in the said county of Norfolk, father of the said Horatio Viscount Nelson, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten; and to the heirs male lawfully begotten and to be begotten severally and successively by Susannah, the wife of Thomas Bolton, Esq. and sister of the said Horatio Viscount Nelson; and in default of such issue, to the heirs male of Catherine, the wife of George Matcham, Esq. another sister of the said Horatio Viscount Nelson.

For the Monthly Visitor.

SPEECH OF ROBERT EMMETT,

THE CELEBRATED IRISH REBEL LEADER,

After receiving Sentence of Death, September 22, 1803.

WHEN this unfortunate young man was called upon to know if he had any thing to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he addressed the court and jury nearly in the following terms:—

"I am asked if I have any thing to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon me. Was I to suffer only death, after being adjudged guilty, I should bow in silence; but a man in my situation has not only to combat with the difficulties of fortune, but also the difficulties of prejudice; the sentence of the law which delivers over his body to the executioner, consigns his character to obloquy. The man dies, but his memory lives; and that mine may not forfeit all claim to the respect of my countrymen, I use this occasion to vindicate myself from some of the charges advanced against me.

"I am charged with being an emissary of France:—'tis false! I am no emissary—I did not wish to deliver up my country to a foreign power, and least of all, to France. No! never did I entertain the idea of establishing French power in Ireland—God forbid! On the contrary, it is evident from the introductory paragraph of the Address of the Provisional Government, that every hazard attending an independent effort was deemed preferable to the more fatal risk of introducing a French army into the country. Small would be our claims to patriotism and to sense, and palpable our affectation of the love of liberty, if we were to encourage the profanation of our shores by a people who are slaves themselves, and the unprincipled and abandoned instruments of imposing slavery on others. If such an inference be drawn from any part of the proclamation of the Provisional Government, it calumniates

their views, and is not warranted by the fact. —How could they speak of freedom to their countrymen? How assume such an exalted motive, and meditate the introduction of a power which has been the enemy of freedom in every part of the globe? Reviewing the conduct of France to other countries, could we expect better towards us? No! Let not, then, any man attaint my memory by believing that I could have hoped freedom through the aid of France, and betrayed the sacred cause of liberty by committing it to the power of her most determined foe: had I done so, I had not deserved to live; and dying with such a weight upon my character, I had merited the honest execration of that country which gave me birth, and to which I would have given freedom. Had I been in Switzerland, I would have fought against the French—in the dignity of freedom, I would have expired on the threshold of that country, and they should have entered it only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Is it, then, to be supposed, that I would be slow to make the same sacrifice to my native land? Am I, who lived but to be of service to my country, and who would subject myself to the bondage of the grave to give her independence—am I to be loaded with the foul and grievous calumny of being an emissary of France? My lords, it may be part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to meet the ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the scaffold's shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the imputation of having been the

agent of French despotism and ambition; and while I have breath I will call upon my countrymen not to believe me guilty of so foul a crime against their liberties and their happidess.

"Tho' you, my lord, sit there a judge, and I stand here a culprit, yet you are but a man, and I am another; I have a right therefore to vindicate my character and motives from the aspersions of calumny; and as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in rescuing my name and my memory from the afflicting imputation of having been an emissary of France, or seeking her interference in the internal regulation of her affairs. Did I live to see a French army approach this country, I would meet it on the shore with a torch in one hand and a sword in the other—I would receive them with all the destruction of war! I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their very boats; and before our native soil should be polluted by a foreign foe, if they succeeded in landing, I would burn every blade of grass before them, raze every house, contend to the last for every inch of ground, and the last spot in which the hope of freedom should desert me, that spot I would make my grave! What I cannot do, I leave a legacy to my country, because I feel conscious that my death were unprofitable, and all hope of liberty extinct, the moment a French army obtained a footing in this land."

After some further matter, he concluded thus.—

"My lamp of life is nearly expired—my race is finished: the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. All I request then, at departing from the world, is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph, for as no man who knows my motives dare vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them; let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain undescribed, till other times and other men can do justice to my character."

The foregoing is a faithful report of this unfortunate young man's exculpation of himself from the charge of co-operating with the French in any design to invade this country; and whether voluntary or involuntary, it is an evidence against the character of the common enemy, which, coming from such authority, ought, and we trust will have the most salutary effect upon all who may have participated in his principles or his treasons. Whether the sincere conviction of his mind, or the imposition of pride, anxious to rescue his memory from the foul shame of having sought to deliver his country up to a foreign and a cruel enemy, he is entitled to equal credit, and if any thing were inscribed on his tomb most honorable to himself and atoning to his country, it is the character which he has given of the arch-foe to the peace and liberty of mankind.

ON THE MARRIAGE CEREMONIES OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

MARRIAGE is one of those institutions which, among different nations, has undergone the greatest change.

In the first ages of the world, a man marked by a stone the ground which he intended to cultivate; in the same manner he took to himself a woman, whom he conducted to his tent, and promised to assist her in rearing their progeny. There then existed no other marriage ceremonies.

Among the first inhabitants of ancient Rome, a man and woman lived together without any legal contract; and the nature of their connection united them by the mutual advantages which each derived from it.

Among the Calmucks a man and woman are married for one year. If the woman prove pregnant, they continue together another year.

There is scarcely a country in which the custom of giving money is not introduced into the marriage ceremony, as a guarantee of the bargain which is thus made, by selling a young woman to another family.

The Egyptians attribute the institution of marriage to Minos, their first sovereign.

The Assyrians had a ceremony peculiar to themselves for the marriage of their daughters. Once every year they assembled together all the marriageable young women, and put them up to auction. A spirit of competition among

the rich men raised the price to very considerable sums, which, being deposited in a public bank, were appropriated to the purpose of portioning off such young women as were less handsome, and consequently less admired. The more ugly a young girl was, the larger was her dowry, in order to engage some avaricious man to marry her. There was no other ceremony used in the celebration of their marriage than a sort of feast, at which the husband assembled his friends, and called upon them to witness that he had complied with the conditions of his bargain. It is understood, however, that the Assyrians instituted a tribunal for the especial purpose of regulating the laws relative to marriages, and seeing them enforced. There are scarcely any other traces of a marriage ceremony to be found among the ancients than feasts and entertainments.

Some authors mention a peculiar ceremony which existed, of presenting to the new-married pair a basket filled with acorns and bread, as a memorial of the times when the earth produced its fruits without labour.

The same idea undoubtedly was intended to be expressed by the Romans, in their ceremony of spreading nuts upon the table of the new-married pair.

At Athens, when the virgins arrived at an age fit for marriage, they repaired to a village in the neighbourhood, to implore pardon of the statue of Diana for entertaining a wish to be married, and to solicit, at the same time, the permission of the goddess to relinquish their

virgin state. It was their common practice to sacrifice a victim before marriage; on which occasion they always took care to throw the gall of the animal behind the altar, which may be construed into a declaration that no bitterness or malice ought ever to be admitted to disturb the harmony of marriage.

Always superstitious, the ancients never beheld with indifference a vulture seize any part of the sacred viands. On such an occurrence, the marriage was frequently broken off entirely, and always deferred. The sudden appearance of two turtle doves was deemed a most happy omen. If only one appeared, they believed that the marriage would not be happy. Hence originated a thousand frauds and tricks among the Greeks: any one who was interested in preventing a marriage, might accomplish his purpose by carrying a turtle dove under his cloak, and letting it fly at the moment of the sacrifice; the understandings of those famous warriors, of those celebrated philosophers, were liable to be thus imposed upon by absurd omens.

The Athenians conducted the wife to her husband's house in a car, and after she had descended from it, they burned the axle-tree, to signify that she had not the liberty of returning. The father washed the feet of the bride with water from the fountain of Callithoe. She was then conducted to the nuptial chamber, which was illuminated with a number of torches proportioned to her birth. The mother tied her head-ribband to one of the torches; they then

retired, and the young men made a loud noise at the door, to prevent any thing being heard which passed within the chamber.—Such were the marriage ceremonies of the Greeks.

The Romans acknowledged three sorts of marriages, which were differently celebrated: they were styled Conferration, Coemption, and Service.

That which they called Conferration, was the manner of marrying the pontiffs and priests. This ceremony consisted in causing the new married couple to eat cakes made of water, flour, and salt, a portion of which was offered to those deities who were patrons of marriage.

The second species of marriage called Coemption, was celebrated by the parties themselves, and simply consisted in a mutual pledge of their faith, by each giving to the other a piece of money.

The third sort, called Service, was the effect of chance. When a child was illegitimately born, and the father and mother agreed to live together, their own consent was deemed sufficient to constitute a marriage, and to legitimatize their offspring.

Some authors assert, that in Holland, and in some parts of Germany, if a man marries a woman upon his death-bed, it is sufficient to legitimatize all their children without any other formality than that of all the children being present at the ceremony.

Whenever a marriage, according to the ceremony of coemption or conferration, was agreed

upon, the augurs were always consulted as to the pleasure of the gods, and to point out some propitious day for the celebration. When the contract of marriage was signed, the parents affixed to it their seal. They deposited the dowry of their daughter in the hands of the augur, and her intended husband sent her a ring of iron.—On the day of marriage, it was the custom, when they dressed the hair of the bride, to divide her hair into six tresses, in the manner of the Vestals, to indicate that she should always remain a vestal to all but her husband. They also placed upon her head a crown of vervain, and other herbs, which she herself had gathered.

Over this crown she generally wore a veil, and her feet were ornamented with shoes of the same colour, with very high heels.

In ancient Rome, it was the practice to place upon the necks of the bride and bridegroom, a ring called *conjugium*, from which we derived the word *conjugal*. No emblem has since been invented so perfectly analogous to the married state. It was also the custom, that on such occasions, the young women should feign a repugnance to meet the embraces of their husbands, and seem reluctant to quit the arms of their mothers. Five little boys, having been previously bathed and perfumed, carried each a lighted torch, in honor of the five deities of marriage, Jupiter, Juno, Venus, Diana, and Suada, the goddess of persuasion. Two children conducted the bride to the house of her husband, and carried behind her a distaff, a spindle, and a box containing her toilet. When

she arrived at the door, which she found ornamented with garlands of leaves and flowers, they presented to her fire and water, and at the same time demanded her name. To this question the bride always answered, "*Caia,*" by which was intimated, that she intended to imitate the celebrated *Caia Cecilia,* who acquired the highest reputation by her conjugal and domestic virtues. Before she entered the house, they sprinkled the bride with lustral water, that her husband might meet her in all her purity. They also placed upon the door a piece of woollen stuff, and rubbed it with the oil or grease of some animal; they then carried her into the house, as the augurs predicted that ill fortune would fall upon her who should imprudently touch the threshold of the door. Immediately on her entering the house, they presented the bride with all the keys, and brought her for a seat the skin of a sheep which had never been shorn, to remind her that henceforth she must employ herself in fabricating the garments of her family. When the bride and bridegroom entered their chamber, the latter distributed walnuts among the children, before the company retired; and the men sung some verses to dispel the charms of magic and witchcraft. Every one then retired, and the lights in the chamber were all extinguished. The following day the bridegroom gave a feast. On this occasion his new wife appeared with him on the nuptial bed, and publickly bestowed upon him such marks of familiarity as evinced that she felt no regret for having entered into the marriage

state. So little reserve was observed by the wife in her conversation, on these occasions, that it was a common proverb among the Romans to say, "She talks like a new married wife."

At Rome, a husband who detected his wife in adultery, might take away her life. On the other hand, a child born ten months after the death of a husband might be considered as his, if the mother wished it; and the Emperor Adrian extended this unaccountable indulgence to eleven months.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WOMEN'S MARKET IN INDIA.

DR. O——. And do you really think that on a fortnight's acquaintance, the character of any person can be sufficiently developed, to warrant entering into a connection that is indissoluble?

C——. A fortnight! Why I have known many very happy marriages take place, in Bengal, upon an acquaintance of less than half the time. I remember the time when every fresh cargo of imported beauties used to go off as fast as they were seen. Now, to be sure, the market is rather overstocked, and many a fine girl remains on hands for the length of a whole season. But as to making up one's mind upon the

business, that can be done in half an hour as well as in half a century.

You astonish me! cried Dr. O——. I have indeed heard of young women's going to India, with a view, no doubt, to get established in marriage: but that whole cargoes should go out in that manner, as to a regular market, I really should not, but from good authority, have credited. Surely they can only be some poor unfortunate and friendless girls, who have neither parents nor protectors at home, that are driven to such desperate methods of obtaining a provision?

Pardon me. replied C——; the greatest number who now come out are sent by their parents and protectors; and in general the speculation is not a bad one.

Is it possible! cried Dr. O——, that any parent should be so depraved, as to expose his child to a situation so humiliating! How lost to all that conscious dignity which enhances every female charm! how lost to every sentiment of delicacy must she become who is thus led to make a barter of herself! My mind revolts at the idea!

Does the distance of the market, then, make such a mighty difference! said C——. Really, my dear sir, that is an objection merely imaginary. The voyage is a trifle, and as to conscious dignity and all that, I do assure you, that so far from its being lost by going to India, I have there seen many a girl, who, at an English watering place, would have been glad to flirt with an ensign, get so proud and saucy in the space

of a few weeks, that she would not deign to speak to a subaltern! The reason is plain—In India, the number of European ladies is still so small in proportion to the gentlemen, that they are there of some consequence. But here they are hawked about in such quantities at every place of public resort, that if the poor things did not lay themselves out to court attention, they would have no chance of being taken notice of.

Better remain unnoticed for ever than be so degraded, said Dr. O——, with vehemence. For my part, though the increasing prevalence of luxury and false pride, and false notions of true dignity, tend to render poverty an evil of mighty magnitude to a helpless female, I had rather see my daughters earning their bread than raised to the highest pinnacle of fortune by such methods.

THE SAILOR'S MARRIAGE.

——— ENTERING the only house of entertainment in the village, I was almost stunned with the rude and boisterous gaiety of the company it contained. At the head of a number of peasants, who were seated round a table, on which was a large bowl of punch, presided one of Neptune's sons, and by his side sat a plump rosy-faced girl, covered with ribbons, medals, and rings. As I entered, the landlord rose to welcome me, and I desired him to let me have a mug of ale and something to eat.

"Avast, there!" cried the sailor, "and bring to—Shiver me if any man has any thing aboard that I don't pay for. Come, my lad, bring yourself to an anchor. You shall mess with me to-day, by G—."

I was seated at the table, and compelled to drink a bumber to the health of the couple that were to be married.

"Yes," exclaimed the tar, throwing his arm round his neighbour's neck, and giving and taking a smack that went off as loud as a fourteen-pounder; "yes, Bet and I are going to grapple: we only wait for the parson to give the signal, and———"

Here he was interrupted by the clerk, who came to let them know that the clergyman was waiting for them at the church. I followed the procession, and witnessed the scene that ensued in the church between the parson and the tar. Every thing being quite quiet and orderly, the parson began, and presently came to—

"I Richard Spirit, take thee, Elizabeth Bumfield, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer———" at these last words the sailor made a dead stand.

"Say after me," said the parson.

"D——d if I do," cried he. "Avast, there——What, do you think I'm such a lubber as all that comes to?"

"Well," said the other, "if you don't say you will do this, I can't marry you."

"Well, I won't then," he replied, "for better and richer, if you will; but d— me if I've any thing to do with poorer and worser."

"Then we have done," said the parson;—when the sailor very sulkily agreed to go thro' the ceremony.

REFLECTIONS.

People of merit lose nothing by being known. Day-light or dark, a diamond will sparkle.

A fair character, like a fair skin, if closely inspected, has a thousand irregularities.

The lips often deceive; the eyes never.

In company, to shew our breeding, we must not now have either hearts or feelings. We must use the mask, keep our temper, and be as placid as mandarins on a mantle-piece.

Beauty, like truth, is the most splendid when least encumbered.

A good character is like a gamester's money, very difficult to keep; and when lost, still more difficult to regain.

Those who wish to please, seldom fail. Ill-nature is its own tormentor, and mars our best endeavours, while good-nature lends a grace to all our actions; if free from errors, renders them truly lovely—if erroneous, for ever excusable.

The British Traveller.

NO. 14.

BRIGHTON.

" Fashion in every thing bears solemn sway
And *words* and *public haunts*" have each their day.

(Concluded from last volume, page 373.)

THE THEATRE.

THE public rooms, the libraries, and the Steyne, as a promenade, have already been mentioned as agreeable scenes of pleasure and relaxation. The stage, when properly conducted, is almost universally allowed to rank among the most rational amusements; and, in regard to the Brighton theatre, this praise may fairly be allowed it. It is situated at the upper end of Duke-street, and is neither ill built nor inelegantly fitted up. The scenes are well executed, and the dresses and decorations are very decent.

It opens the beginning of July, and closes the latter end of October. The nights of performing are Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays; and the regular actors and actresses, who are respectable for provincial boards, are occasionally reinforced by some first-rate performers from London, who make a trading voyage to this place.

In short, the Brighton theatre better deserves encouragement than many places which are

more frequented. The evening can no where be so cheaply and so creditably spent.

THE PROMENADE GROVE.

The entrance to this place of public entertainment, which is under the patronage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is in Prince's-place, North-street. These gardens are surrounded with lofty trees, which in any other place would be little noticed, but here they are not only agreeable, as a shady walk for a summer retreat, but also curious.

Every Wednesday, during the season, a public breakfast is given here, which is enlivened by a band of music. The saloon is decorated with much taste, and the orchestra is well adapted for the purpose.

On particular nights, fire-works are exhibited here, when the admission is half-a-crown. The terms of subscription for the season, and likewise for a single promenade, are extremely reasonable; but the gardens are less frequented than many more expensive and less innocent places of resort.

CRICKETING-GROUND.

During the summer months, this manly exercise is performed in a piece of ground, railed round, at a small distance from the town on the Lewes road. It is chiefly used by the Prince of Wales and his friends.

RELIGIOUS EDIFICES.

Brighton consists only of one parish, and is a

vicarage, to which the rectory of West Bletchington, with a dilapidated church, is annexed.

Brighton church stands at a small distance to the north-west of the town, on a rising ground, 150 feet above the level of the sea at low water. On the top of the steeple, which contains an excellent ring of eight bells, is the figure of a dolphin, of copper, gilt, and so constructed as to turn like a vane. The interior of the church is plain and neat. The font is a curious specimen of ancient sculpture, representing the Last Supper, and various miracles of our Saviour. According to tradition, it was brought from Normandy, in the reign of William the Conqueror. No part of the church, however, seems to be older than about the period of Henry VII.

The monuments here are neither ancient nor curious, but the historical fact with which it is connected, renders that of Capt. Nicholas Tettersell worthy of regard.

After the battle of Worcester, Charles II. having escaped various dangers, arrived at the George Inn, in West-street, Brightelmstone, on the 14th of October, 1651. The house which now bears the name of King Charles's Head, was at that time kept by a man named Smith, who happened to recognize his royal guest, but had too much loyalty to betray him. On the following morning his majesty embarked in a small vessel, which had been provided by him, commanded by Nicholas Tettersell, and next day landed at Fecamp, near Havre de Grace.

Soon after the restoration, Tettersell brought the identical vessel which had carried the king, into the Thames, and moored her opposite to Whitehall, probably to remind Charles of his services. Accordingly an annuity of 100l. was granted to Captain Tettersell and his heirs for ever, as a reward for his fidelity; but it seems either the annuity has been long discontinued, or the claimants are extinct.

The remains of this loyal captain lie in the church-yard, near the chancel door, covered with a black marble, bearing the following inscription:

P. M. S.

CAPTAIN NICHOLAS TETTERSELL, through whose prudence, valor, and loyalty, Charles II. King of England, after he had escaped the sword of his merciless rebels, and his forces received a fatal overthrow at Worcester, Septem. 3, 1651, was faithfully preserved, and conveyed to France, departed this life the 26th of July, 1674.

Within this marble monument doth lie
Approved faith, honour, and loyalty;
In this cold clay he has now ta'en up his station,
Who once preserved the church, the crowne, and nation.
When Charles the Greate was nothing but a breath,
This valiant soule stept 'tween him and death:
Usurper's threats, nor tyrant rebels' frowne,
Could not affright his duty to the crowne;
Which glorious act of his, for church and state,
Eight princes, in one day, did gratulate—
Professing all to him in debt to bee,
As all the world are to his memory;

Since earth could not reward the worth him given,
He now receives it from the King of Heaven.
In the same chest one jewel more you have,
The partner of his virtues, bed, and grave.

Susannah, his wife, who deceased the 4th day of May, 1672, to whose pious memory and his owne Honour, NICHOLAS,
Their only son, a just inheritor of his Father's vertues, hath paid his last duty in this monument, 1676.

Here also lieth interred the body of Captain Nicholas Tettersell his son, who departed this life the fourth of the calends of October, 1701, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

The Chapel Royal has been erected within these few years, on account of the rapid increase of population and visitors, who could not be accommodated with seats in the church. It was finished according to a plan of Mr. Saunders, architect, of Golden-square, and will conveniently hold 1000 persons.

In Brighton there are likewise a Quaker's meeting, an Independent meeting, a Baptist meeting, a Methodist chapel, a Roman Catholic chapel, and a Jew's synagogue, all well adapted in size and situation to their respective congregations.

CHALYBEATE SPRING.

About half a mile to the westward of the church rises this spring, which has of late years been much frequented. It has been analized

both by Dr. Relhan, and by Dr. Henderson. According to the latter, " This water, when first taken up from the spring in a glass, in appearance greatly resembles a solution of emetic tartar in common water. The taste is not unpleasant, something like that upon a knife, after it has been used in cutting lemons. It does not seem to contain the smallest portion of sulphur; it neither changes vegetable blues, red; nor does it effervesce with alkaline salts, calcareous earths, magnesia, or fossile alkali; neither does it change vegetable blues, green; nor does it effervesce with acids: yet it curdles soap, and renders a solution of it in various spirits milky.

" It seems to contain a considerable portion of calcareous earth, mixed with the vitriolic acid, in the form of selenites, and also a considerable portion of iron, as will appear from the following experiment: Sixty four ounces of this water, being evaporated to dryness, there was a residuum of a brownish colour full of saline spiculæ, weighing eight grains, four grains of which, with an equal quantity of charcoal, was made into a paste with oil, and calcined. On trying the calcined matter with the magnet, two pieces, nearly in a metallic form, adhered to it; and when put upon paper, at the distance of half an inch, moved in every direction with the magnet. These two pieces weighed one-eighth of a grain.

" The gross residuum neither effervesces with alkali nor acids, and is difficultly soluble in water.

" This water becomes instantly transparent, like distilled water, on addition of any of the mineral acids, especially the vitriolic.

" A solution of galls in common water, added to an equal portion of this water, becomes black like ink in a few minutes.

" This chalybeate has been found serviceable in several cases of general debility, crapulas, indigestion, atony of the stomach, fluor albus; and in all those diseases where chalybeate and tonic remedies are required, it promises, under due regulation, to be useful."

A neat building in the lodge style, is erected by the proprietors over this spring, and constant attendance is given during the season. To the northward some plantations are reared; and within a few yards, stands a handsome mansion belonging to the proprietors of the well, capable of accommodating a large family.

Many places, in the environs of Brighton, might be noted, in addition to the foregoing, as worthy the attention of the visitors to this gay scene of dissipation: enough, however, has been said to shew that Brighton wants no attractions that can be desired to those who are happy enough not to want money, the *primum mobile* at all places of fashionable resort.

For the Monthly Visitor.

ON RETIREMENT.

IT appears evident, from every consideration, that mankind were formed for society, and that God never intended that they should sequester themselves from each other in deserts and hermitages. Society, therefore, has been formed for mutual good. Even Adam himself, in Paradise, was uncomfortable without an helpmate, and God declared that it was not good for him to be alone.

There are so many reciprocal cares and pleasures that cannot be shared without friendship, that it appears savage in the extreme to debar man of this salutary ingredient for the enjoyment of life. When Incle was cast upon a desert island, his time was beguiled by the endearments of Yarico. How miserable must his life have been without that lovely stranger! Marriage, therefore, appears to have been instituted for the comfort as well as the conveniency of life: that kindred minds might be happy in the enjoyment of each other, and that children, the fruit of their love, might be the means of putting them in remembrance of their mutual attachment.

Some, no doubt, disgusted with human life, have retired from the world, and sought for that happiness in solitude which they did not find in society. Their motive for retirement has not

been just; for a few disappointments should not have so far soured their tempers, as to find fault with all around them. If true philosophy had possessed their minds, they would have considered human life as chequered; that there is no situation free from trouble, and that therefore, to bear "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," would have been a certain proof of magnanimity, and that their pretensions to religion were not ill founded; whereas their conduct has betrayed great weakness, and exposed them to the painful reflection of their own minds.

Others, no doubt, have retired, from the noblest motives: they have seen the deception of mankind, and sought those pleasures, in the charms of solitude, that the world, with all its fascinations, could not afford them. With Solomon, they have seen that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Having spent a great part of their lives in busy and pleasurable scenes, they have fled to retirement, as an asylum from the cares of state and the luxury of courts.—From the life of Petrarch, it appears, that the court of Rome could not yield that satisfaction which he found in his country retreat. His books and domestic animals gave him unspeakable pleasure; whilst the fall of water and the zephyrs of the woods absorbed his whole soul in silence and contemplation. It was in this lovely retreat that he formed the plans for usefulness, and the poems, which will continue his name dear to posterity.

The saints who retired to the deserts of Egypt, in the fourth century of the church, were actuated by the purest motive, as they spent their time in fasting, prayer, and meditation; yet we must acknowledge that they carried their mortification too far, and were tinged, beyond a doubt, with superstition and enthusiasm. They thought their retirement very meritorious, whereas some of them might have been of far more service in society.

We, in the present day, do run into another extreme: under the idea of having abolished convents, abbeys, and monasteries, we scarcely see any occasion for religious retirement; so that we confine our religion too much to places of public worship, and little consider the great importance of personal godliness. Retirement appears calculated to answer the most important purposes. Without it we shall suffer essentially in our minds: those good resolutions we hear recommended so frequently in public will speedily be eradicated, if retirement does not mature them. The gaiety of a large town, and the hurry of much business, will prove highly injurious, if some time is not spent in solitude, and therefore some have seen the great necessity of country retirement, and have expressed the highest satisfaction they derive from rural scenes. With the celebrated Cowper they can say,

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

They return to town from their country excursions pleased and edified, especially if they have spent a part of their time in the exercises of true religion: they see more of the vanity of this world, and the necessity of a better state, and form the resolution of being more devoted to the service of their Creator and Redeemer.

Retirement appears needful for the studious part of mankind: without it they could not acquire that extensive learning which has been of so much service to society, nor make those discoveries in the arts and sciences which embellish human life. If it had not been for the monks in our own country, a great part of the English history would have been lost, as well as the sacred scriptures. Having nothing to engross their time but devotion, they made use of every method to improve their minds in useful knowledge, and history presented itself as one of the most useful and pleasant studies. It is to be lamented, that a great part of their researches is entirely lost: revolutions and changes of state have been the melancholy cause of it.

The advantages arising from solitude are most beautifully delineated by Zimmerman, in his admirable treatise on that subject: there is no person of learning and sensibility but must read it with rapturous delight. There are certain requisites essential to the enjoyment of retirement: we must descend into the valley of humiliation; be sensible of our true condition, as the creatures of a wise and merciful Being; consider our deserts, as having frequently of-

fended him; exercise true repentance for the follies of our lives, and implore his gracious favor, as necessary for our present and future welfare. Content must likewise pervade our mind, for without it we shall be very miserable in solitude, and shall not take delight in the simplicity of the creatures presented to our daily view.

It is necessary for us, in order to enjoy retirement, that we should love to contemplate the works of our adorable Creator; then we shall admire the beauties of spring and autumn—shall adore God in the summer's heat and winter's cold; shall see goodness in every plant and flower—till, from the contemplation of earth, our thoughts will ascend to Heaven.

Salisbury-square. T. M.

CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

BY JOSEPH ALEXANDER SEGUR.

Translated from the French.

IF the south prides itself on Isabella and Joanna of Naples, the north glories in Elizabeth. She belongs to the epocha of Francis II. for she ascended the throne of England in 1559, the period at which this prince attained to the crown of France; but he lived so short a time that his memory is almost effaced: and to speak of Elizabeth under the reign of Charles

IX. is a kind of consolation for the crimes which it calls to recollection.

Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII. and Anna Bullen, was born the 8th of Sept. 1533; her sister Mary, when on the throne, caused her to endure a long captivity. Misfortune enervates common minds, but it exalts the energy of those of superior order. Elizabeth, in her long captivity, found the means of instructing herself, and cultivating her mind. She learned the languages and history; but the great art of government was her principal study.—Thoroughly acquainted with the country to which she was to give laws, her skilful and profound policy was early exercised in the management of all the parties. This was proved by the first step she took. A protestant in heart, she caused herself to be crowned by a catholic bishop, that she might avoid giving offence.—Scarcely was she sovereign, when she called a parliament together, and established the religion of the church of England, such as it is at the present day.

The doctrine of the reformed had then as many partizans as that of the catholics. Elizabeth, by her address, gradually gave to each what was proper for them. Persuaded that the supremacy of the church ought to attach to the crown, Elizabeth placed herself at the head of religion by the title of "Sovereign of the church of England, in matters spiritual and temporal.

I have been a little diffuse upon this topic, because the agreement between religion and

politics being the art most difficult of attainment, and frequently the rock upon which sovereigns are wrecked, it was necessary to shew that Elizabeth displayed in this particular a degree which already announced what might be expected of her.

She is justly liable to reproach on account of the cruelties which she exercised in order to support this new system of religion; and, as Mr. Hume observes, "executions were strange means of reconciling the minds of the people to the government and national religion."

Nothing can excuse this barbarity; however, it must be admitted that the alliance between politics and religion is of all sciences the most difficult for sovereigns to acquire. Religious worship is at once the safeguard of morals and the incorruptible cement of power; but justly to accord what is due to the dignity of the ministers of the altars, and to the necessity of opposing obstacles to their ambition;—here lies all the difficulty.

This is perhaps the principal reason which has frequently caused the successive changes of religions.

For example, how can one avoid being astonished at the power which a sovereign, who knows how to make himself feared, has over a nation so proud as the English, and who pretend to possess so much liberty? From catholics, as they were, Henry VIII. made them heretics; Mary, his daughter, made them again catholics; Elizabeth once more transformed

them into heretics; and all this was done within a space of less than forty years.

Elizabeth distinguished herself still more by her personal qualities than by the aid of arms and conquest, means always brilliant, but which leave as many chances to hazard as to real merit. It was by a system of politics no less sure than wise, that she was enabled to repel all the blows that were endeavoured to be struck at her, and to maintain the dignity of her throne by adding strength to her power. To force Mary to relinquish the title of Queen of England, which she assumed in Scotland; to repress the rebellion of the Irish in favor of the court of Rome; to aid Henry IV. in reconquering his kingdom; to support Holland against the powerful efforts of Philip II. to save that republic from falling to the ground; to raise the English navy to the most flourishing state; to conquer several provinces of America, by the expedition of Sir Francis Drake, and other commanders no less successful than he: these were the deeds of Elizabeth.

It cannot be denied that her cruelties towards Mary Queen of Scots, tarnish the lustre of her great qualities; to these political barbarisms it may be said that not every one has a right to appreciate the conduct of great personages.—Elizabeth ought to be judged only by statesmen, ministers, and kings.* That profound dissi-

* Rex fuit Elizabeth, fuit regina Jacobus.

mulation which formed the fundamental basis of her character, is a science reprehensible in society, but perhaps too necessary upon the throne.

A bishop had the boldness to remind Elizabeth that, upon a certain occasion, she had less consulted the interests of religion than her political views. "I plainly perceive," she answered, "that you have read all the books of scripture except the book of Kings."

It cannot, however, be denied, that her affected sorrow, after the death of Mary Queen of Scots, for which she had issued the order, savored more of dissimulation than of political wisdom.

As it is necessary that every woman, however superior her station may be, should always, in some respects, pay a tribute to the weakness of her sex; this Elizabeth, who had triumphed over every thing, who, from fear of giving herself a master, had refused the espousals of the most powerful princes of Europe, who declared to her parliament that the epitaph which would flatter her most would be, "Here lies Elizabeth, who lived and died a virgin and queen;" this princess, I say, could not resist the grief which she felt for the death of the Earl of Essex, whom she herself had condemned. Two very distinct beings were then discernible in Elizabeth—the sovereign, who could not pardon a rebel, and the friend or mistress, who could not resolve to punish him.

Elizabeth, turning her thoughts inward, did not feel herself either entirely sovereign or

entirely friend; and the fatal sentence which passed from her mouth and the bitter tears which flow from her eyes, become at once the eulogium of this great and distinguished woman. As woman, we see her lament in her inmost soul the severity which the throne enjoined her; but what would she have become had she been mother—had it been requisite to punish a son instead of a lover? The sovereign would have vanished, power would have been sacrificed to sentiment, the heart would have silenced the genius. Never will the ferocious soul of a Brutus unnature a woman.

Elizabeth died in languor and despondency, at the age of 70, after having reigned over England 44 years.

Her reign is one of the most brilliant spectacles which Great Britain has beheld. The commerce of this island extended its branches to the four quarters of the globe. Her principal manufactures were established, her laws consolidated, her police brought to greater perfection, and her finances were employed only for the defence of the country. She had favorites, but she did not enrich them. Without granting liberty of conscience, she knew how to keep herself exempt from wars of religion, which kindled flames throughout all Europe.—The arbitrary power, of which she was so jealous, did not prevent her possessing the affections of her subjects; she several times gave them proofs of her confidence; and to conclude this extract with a trait that is characteristic of

her, I shall record the saying of this princess respecting the English:

"I shall never believe of them," said she, "what parents would not believe of their children."

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

MY DEAR SIR,

MY last letter to you conveyed a copy of two epistles on a subject which materially affects the happiness and well being of society; the present contains an extract from a letter written in the winter of 1800, by a young gentleman of excellent genius, but of loose morals: his reflections on seduction, however, bear a favorable bias towards virtue, and therefore do I make the extract with more pleasure.

I am, my good friend,

Your's, &c.

E. L.

ON SEDUCTION.

——— It is certain that the Omnipotent knoweth all our thoughts, knoweth our most secret intentions, and watcheth over all our actions: our public and private doings escape not his omnipresence, and by him is it wisely ordained that our own reflections administer either disquietude or comfort—comfort, when our hearts have dictated some godlike action; disquietude, when, like some arch-

fiend, we have destroyed the happiness of others. Even now my heart accuses me—even now a kind of tremulous disquietude hangs over me, and obliges me, with remorse, to retrace the wanderings of last night. Base seduction! more hateful to truth than is falsehood itself!—How can the world esteem the man who has dared to violate the most beautiful production of divinity, the very fairest emanation of nature? How can the world, ever after, smile on him whose falsehood has torn away for ever a life of innocence and of happiness from an unsuspecting female?—How base and ignoble the accomplishment of such perfidy!—alas! how distressing the consequences! Fancy, thou deceiving mistress, why didst thou paint in anticipation pleasures so dangerous and so fatal?—why didst thou give so unprincipled a sway to the passions? And where wast thou, O reason! when delusion whispered her artful tale?—But ah! how futile now are these interrogatories! they are like unto a delicate thread, easily broken.—Reflect I must, too, when I think me on that irretrievable moment, when my artifice accomplished the seduction of a virtuous female. I picture only the evils which that unhappy hour has given birth to. What have I done?—ruined for ever the peace and happiness of a helpless girl! Where is her father?—she has no father: for that reason then ought I to have protected rather than robbed her of her innocence, Where is her mother?—her mother lives to witness her daughter's shame! Where are her relations?—they live only to deride her.

Ah! methinks I see her cast out, a forlorn and helpless creature. Afflicting sight! Methinks I see her supplicating, amongst a train of other unfortunates, for a shameful pittance—methinks I see all the accumulated evils, so inseparable from this fallen state, rising in judgment against her; and whilst her agonized heart is big with sorrow, methinks I hear the injured girl curse me as the author of all her calamities!

But cannot I sooth my own unhappy reflections, by administering, and that immediately, succour and protection to the dear lovely girl whom I have so recently betrayed? Yes, I can, and I will, too—I will ever watch over her as a friend; prudence, and other circumstances, may forbid me to make a more sacred reparation; but, whilst I live, the object of these reflections shall never cease to receive the offering of justice and of virtue; and, whilst I do so, I will also regret that this is a duty inadequate to the unhappiness I have caused her.

Dear sir, your's,

R. C.

DEAR SIR,

THE annexed are the two letters I alluded to in my last, and as they are immediately expressive of a fact, I am certain they will, for this reason, be carefully perused by you. When you again write to me, I beg you will transcribe the several passages you promised to communicate. Believe me, my good friend,

Your's, &c.

Sept. 4, 1803. E. L.

DEAR E——,

PERUSING, last night, the sentiments of Addison, the following lines conveyed to my mind a striking picture; and as I have lately become acquainted with a female whose situation bears, in some respects, a semblance to what the poet alludes to, I am induced, from these circumstances to write two letters on this subject—the first expressive of those feelings which consequently press upon the heart under such afflictions; the latter expressive of my own feelings in behalf of an unfortunare woman.

Long she flourish'd,
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye;
Until at last a cruel spoiler came,
Cropp'd this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it, like a loathsome weed, away.

To ——.

THOU who wast wont to hang on me with tenderness, who was wont to caress the offspring of our love with all the endearing fondness of an affectionate father—who wast wont to smile on them—smile on me with more than common complacency—now, ah! now, why wilt thou so far forget thy tenderness, thy fondness, thy duty? or rather why dost thou reserve these endowments for other objects? I contemplate the picture with sorrow, with pity. I still pity thy frailties, still sorrow for thy imperfections. Seldom do I gaze on the dear children without feeling a powerful sentiment of

hatred to that man who has dared to desert them, dared to violate the most tender affections which ornament the heart, or render society itself a blessing. Seldom do I watch over their little sports or their little fears without a thought of thy unworthiness, thy unkindness: they are lovely infants—they are the admiration of the passing stranger. But ah! how would that stranger, who stops to admire them, curse the father who has abandoned them—who, to add to his ingratitude and hardness of heart, has given other pangs of grief to their unfortunate mother—feelings which pride and a conscious integrity can ill brook! Base calumny! Am I also to meet alike thy desertion and thy slander?—Thy desertion I do not so much lament, but thy slander is a poison. For your own sake, for the sake of humanity, learn a more sacred regard to truth; learn also, for the sake of society, a more sacred regard to parental feeling. Surely there are moments in which you must feel—feel for the desertion of your children—of me. It is an unworthy act, unworthy of a generous, a brave, or a good heart; and it is also an abandonment of a most sacred duty.—No palliation can suffice for it—no apology can be offered. If you do for a moment endeavour to render your desertion of me, of your infants, subservient to your interest or your happiness, it is evident you are deceived—happiness is not to be obtained by dishonor, and interest, thank Heaven, is not to be bought by a suppression of natural affection. In treating me with obloquy, you have also deceived the present partner of

your bed—she has even an infant. For your conduct towards her, towards me, you surely must feel a secret remorse more powerful than can be described; and when you are convinced that the world, too, spurns actions so ungenerous, so unjust, you must evidently be sensible that your own behaviour merits the derision and contempt of every breast that retains a due sense of truth, of integrity, and of honor.

I am, sir,

Your's, &c.

E. E.

DEAR B——,

I AM just returned from a most delightful excursion, and had I not, in the latter part of my wanderings, met with that mild, yet unhappy Mrs. F——, I might, with confidence, have ranked this amongst the happiest days of my life. Our existence is eternally chequered with anxiety and joy: to-day we are happy—to-morrow some gloom or other robs us of placidity. Our own misfortunes, or the misfortunes of others, distil from our hearts the pang of anguish. These are evidently the wise dispositions of Providence. The human species has, throughout all ages, been subject to disquietude: divines and philosophers have alike admitted the influence of sorrow; and, amongst the latter, Plutarch has a fine saying on the subject: speaking of Paulus Æmilius's good fortune when he conquered Julius, King of the Macedonians, and of the unhappiness of Persius, he says that even old Homer considered a pro-

portion of evil a blessing to every one, because the gods, says he, never intended that we should taste unalloyed the good things of this world; and it is from knowing what is evil that we know to appreciate good. But to return to my antecedent reflections. My bosom is at this moment wrung with distressing sensations, arising partly from the misfortunes of my fellow-beings; and the tear which is ready to fall from my eye is, methinks, a sure pledge that my feelings are such I ought ever to cherish, and of which I ought never to be ashamed. Upon honor, my dear friend, I think Mr. F—— uses this lady very unkindly, and withal does both himself and her an injustice. He may have his reasons for so doing—perhaps a want of resources, the influence of friends, or the conviction that she is now unworthy of his protection. These, however, are dishonorable apologies; but admitting them in their fullest extent, surely no consideration whatever ought to prevent him from succouring the dear but helpless infants. Viewing, therefore, the circumstances in a more favorable light, and as we, in truth ought, how much more powerfully is he bound to cherish, to guard, and protect both the dear unhappy mother and the cherub-like pledges of their affection.

I positively grew ashamed of my sex, when I think me on his base desertion. I have no patience with the perfidy and injustice of man —base man! who can plant disquietude without remorse, who can triumph in his baseness, and who is ever reluctant in adding to the hap-

piness of others, till he secures, or fancies he secures, his own interest or pleasure. The fate of the unfortunate woman I allude to is an evident illustration of the truth; but I verily believe that her misfortunes are misfortunes for which we ought not to condemn her; and I verily believe, also, that F—— must sooner or later regret the steps which he pursues, and feel poignantly for his deviation from integrity and affection.

I am always, my dear sir,
Very faithfully your's,
R. I.

DESCRIPTION OF MARGATE.

NAME AND SITUATION.

MARGATE lies on the ascent of a hill, on the top of which stands the church. It was formerly called St. John's, in which parish it lies; but it has changed its name since it ceased to be a dirty fishing town, as if it were ashamed, in its very improved and enlarged state, to be known by its old acquaintances.

The appellation Margate, or rather Meregate, is derived from an opening, or gate, thro' which there was a small *mere*, or stream, running into the sea. It contains nearly 5000 inhabitants, besides the many hundreds who are brought hither by all kinds of conveniences from different parts of the kingdom, particularly from London, for the benefit of bathing;

Whate'er from dirty Thames to Margate goes,
However foul, immediately turns fair;
Whatever filth offends the London nose,
Acquires a fragrance soon from Margate air.

In fact the fine level sandy shore at Margate, and the numerous conveniences and attractions which this place affords, both for health and pleasure, render it truly desirable.

That part of the town which originally formed the fishing village of St. John, is now called the High-street; and another detached village in the valley leading from the pier, was known by the name of Lucas Dane, though both are now united by handsome ranges of buildings, many of which have been erected where a few years ago the yellow Ceres used to grow.

The parish of St. John is about three miles and a half across each way, consisting of open corn fields, with frequent hill and dale, and containing several hamlets, a cluster of houses, besides the town of Margate, which, in all matters of civil jurisdiction, is subject to the mayor of Dover, of which port it is an ancient appendage, and whose chief magistrate always appoints a deputy here, but invests him with no higher power than that of a constable.*

* In 1785, Margate having risen into some consequence, an attempt was made to throw off the yoke of dependence on the town and port of Dover, to accomplish which they petitioned the crown for a charter of incorporation; but the magistrates of Dover, either from pride or principle, making a

The old wooden pier of Margate having become ruinous, an act of parliament was obtained, in 1787, for the improvement of the town, and the rebuilding and improving the pier; in consequence of which the latter has been cased on both sides with stone, and extended; while sufficient funds are established for future improvements and repairs.

Margate being much exposed to the north and east, has often suffered severely from storms and tempests; and the shipping-trade, which was once pretty considerable, is now dwindled away to a few colliers and timber ships from the Baltic, and some coasting vessels, among which the hoys or packets are the most productive, it being computted that not less than 20,000 persons annually sail to and from this port. Hence, with great truth, *live-stock* may be regarded as the principal and most lucrative branch of commerce in which the people of Margate are engaged.

In consequence of this profitable trade, Margate has risen from insignificance to wealth and consequence.

The encreasing resort of genteel people to the place, for pleasure as well as bathing, rendered an increase of buildings necessary for their accommodation; and a new town has

strenuous opposition, the business dropped; though it was agreed on all hands that a better police was necessary in such a public place, and this could only be obtained by local authorities.

sprung up, to the southward of the old one, on the side of the hill near the church, while the former town has been greatly improved and enlarged.

Cecil-square, built in 1769, consists of several spacious houses, as well as commodious shops, which latter allow a view of the sea, and the country towards Kingsgate, over them.

Hawley square, erected in a contiguous field, is an uniform range of handsome houses.

Union-crescent, opposite to Cecil-square, is by far the most elegant and regular pile of buildings in the place. On the fort and in several other parts, there are many groups or single mansions of much beauty, commanding fine marine and land views.

To the northward of the town is a place called the Fort, which formerly had a master gunner, and several pieces of ordnance, as a protection against privateers; but on this spot Neptune's-square is now erected, and a small battery mounted on the improved construction, which equally provides for the defence of, and is a real embellishment to the town.

On the opposite hill, north-eastward of the new-town, stands an assemblage of houses, called Hooper's Hill, where a curious horizontal windmill for grinding corn has been erected, at the back of the Prospect-tavern Bowling-green.

PROMENADES.

Of the various agreeable walks in and round Margate, the Pier is the most frequented. Being furnished with a parapet, breast high, it

forms an excellent parade, and is the general resort of company both before and after bathing in the morning, and particularly in the evening, when it is crowded with beauty and fashion. Indeed, whenever the hoy arrives, it is sure to be filled both by the people of the town, who try to catch fresh customers, and by the visitors, who amuse themselves with observing the motley group landed from this vessel, which may be compared to Noah's ark.

During a tremendous gale of wind in 1779, many ships were driven ashore and wrecked near this place, and in particular the York Indiaman, on her homeward bound voyage, was forced from her anchors and driven close to the back of the pier, on which the whole of the passengers and crew were providentially landed in safety. As a memorial of this event, the subsequent inscription is placed on a white marble tablet on that part of the pier where the ship was driven.

On the first of January, 1779, during a violent
storm at North-east,
The York East-Indiaman
Was driven from her anchors, and stranded on this
spot;
To commemorate the providential escape of the
officers and crew,
To remind the seamen in no danger to despair,
Francis Cobb, Esq. Deputy,
Directed this inscription to be engraved.

Here stands a camera obscura, on a large and improved principle, in which most persons

take a peep, by reflection, of the surrounding scenery.

BATHING-ROOMS AND MACHINES.

The bathing rooms are situated near the harbour, on the western side of the High-street, and though they are seven in number, and several machines belong to each, company have frequently a considerable time to wait before they are able to procure a dip. Each person, on his arrival, enters his name, that he may have his regular turn, and in the meanwhile may amuse himself with reading the newspapers, thrumming a piano-forte, or in conversation with fellow-expectants.

The machines, which were the original invention of Benjamin Beale, a Quaker, of Margate, are on a very commodious construction, and may be driven to any depth in the sea under careful guides.

There are also four marble salt water warm baths filled from the sea, which may be had at any temperature, on giving a short notice.

TERMS OF BATHING.

	s.	d.	
A lady bathing in a machine, guide included	1	3	
Two or more ladies together, guide included	1	0	each
Child in a machine, with a guide	1	3	
Two or more children together, with a guide	0	9	each

	s.	d.
Gentleman in a machine, guide included	1	6
Ditto, without a guide	1	0
Two or more gentlemen, with a guide	1	3 each
Ditto, without a guide	0	9

Warm bath 3s. 6d. each, or seven times for a guinea.

GENERAL SEA-BATHING INFIRMARY.

In many cases cold sea-bathing is inadmissible, and in almost every case, even where it is proper, a preparatory tepid bath is to be recommended; but as warm bathing is too expensive to come within the reach of the afflicted poor, some benevolent persons, among whom were Dr. Lettsom, projected a sea-bathing infirmary, the first stone of which was laid in 1792, and it was opened in 1796, under the patronage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the direction of a committee.

The building, which is neat, but plain, is erected at Westbrook, and is already liberally supported; but as friends to the poor and the diseased, we warmly recommend it to the continued and increasing patronage of those who have the means of rendering such a praiseworthy establishment more extensively useful.

For the Monthly Visitor.

ON RURAL SIMPLICITY.

WHO can read of the manners of our forefathers, and not be charmed with their behaviour? The patriarchal dispensation, however imperfect in some points of view, displays peculiar beauty. When we read of Abraham, we perceive true dignity united with simplicity: he appears free from the artificial appearance of the present degenerate age. We are informed that angels appeared to him at his tent door, in the cool of the day, and that he gave the heavenly strangers an hospitable reception; so that rude behaviour was not congenial with his disposition. When he sent his servant to procure a wife for his son Isaac, you may behold a concern blended with the most fervent piety.

The sacred historian informs us that Jacob was a plain man, dwelling in tents: the pastoral life engaged his attention, and we may conclude that the groves witnessed his ardent devotion. He did not possess the refinement of the present age, but then he was enriched with the inestimable jewel of sincerity; though he did not worship God in a magnificent temple, yet he worshipped him with the ardour of pious affection, and called the place of his devotion Peniel, for he said, "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved."

In proportion as refinement and luxury were introduced amongst mankind, simplicity of manners decreased; so that, in reading the history of our own country, we may perceive awful declensions from the lovely character of our ancestors. In the life of King Alfred, we see simplicity united with regal dignity; experiencing the vicissitudes of human life, you behold him in the cottage of a herdsman, and bearing the rebuke of his passionate wife with patience —he saw the hand of God in his abasement, and was contented with his circumstances.

It appears evident that our forefathers were very fond of husbandry, and we may conclude that this useful employment cherished simplicity of manners. A little farm, with some cattle, enabled them to maintain a rising family, and to do good to others. It seems surprising that before the reign of Queen Elizabeth, there should have been no occasion for parochial assistance; the wonder will cease, if we consider the charity of different abbeys and monasteries, together with the industry of the inhabitants of this land.

It has, no doubt, been urged by many, that mechanics have been of great service to the nation, but it is with difficulty to be proved; for it is certain that they have introduced a spirit of pride, arrogance, and ambition: those who are journeymen in factories want to be masters, and discontent is the awful consequence of new discoveries. So that, if we would look for happiness, we must recur to the manners of our ancestors: in them we behold

industry blended with innocence, frugality united with chearfulness, piety free from enthusiasm, and sincerity going hand in hand with rural simplicity.

Canterbury. T. M.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

IN searching after a particular work the other day in my study, chance threw in my way the following manuscript, entitled "Alcuin," a dialogue, which I attentively perused, and received much gratification. I have taken the liberty of transcribing it for your inspection; and should you discover the same interest in it which it appeared to me to possess, you will, no doubt, lay it before your readers.

I remain, gentlemen,

Manchester, A SUBSCRIBER.
Oct. 4, 1803.

I CALLED last evening (says the author) on Mrs. Carter. I had no previous acquaintance with her. Her brother is a man of letters, who, nevertheless, finds little leisure from the engagements of a toilsome profession. He scarcely spends an evening at home, yet takes care to invite, specially and generally, to his house, every one who enjoys the reputation of learning and probity. His sister became, on the death of her husband, his house-keeper. She was always at home. The guests who came

in search of the man, finding him abroad, lingered a little as politeness enjoined, but soon found something in the features and accents of the lady, that induced them to prolong their stay, for their own sake: nay, without any well defined expectation of meeting their inviter, they felt themselves disposed to repeat their visit. We must suppose the conversation of the lady not destitute of attractions; but an additional, and perhaps the strongest inducement, was the society of other visitants. The house became, at length, a sort of rendezvous of persons of different ages and conditions, but respectable for talents or virtues. A commodious apartment, excellent tea, lemonade, and ice, and wholesome fruits, were added to the pleasures of instructive society: no wonder that Mrs. Carter's *coterie* became the favorite resort of the liberal and ingenious.

These things did not necessarily imply any uncommon merit in the lady. Skill in the superintendance of a tea-table, affability and modesty, promptness to inquire, and docility to listen, were all that were absolutely requisite in the mistress of the ceremonies. Her apartment was nothing, perhaps, but a lyceum open at stated hours, and to particular persons, who enjoyed, gratis, the benefits of rational discourse and agreeable repasts. Some one was required to serve the guests, direct the menials, and maintain, with suitable vigilance, the empire of cleanliness and order. This office might not be servile, merely because it was voluntary. The influence of an unbridled inclination might con-

stitute the whole difference between her and a waiter at an inn, or the porter of a theatre.

Books are too often insipid. In reading, the senses are inert and sluggish, or they are solicited by foreign objects. To spur up the flagging attention, or check the rapidity of its flights and wildness of its excursions, are often found to be impracticable. It is only on extraordinary occasions that this faculty is at once sober and vigorous, active and obedient. The revolutions of our minds may be watched and noted, but can seldom be explained to the satisfaction of the inquisitive. All that the caprice of nature has left us is to profit by the casual presence of that which can, by no spell, be summoned or detained.

I hate a lecture. I find little or no benefit in listening to a man who does not occasionally call upon me for my opinion, and allow me to canvass every step in his argument. I cannot, with any satisfaction, survey a column, how costly soever its materials and classical its ornaments, when I am convinced that its foundation is sand which the next tide will wash away. I equally dislike formal debate, where each man, however few his ideas, is subjected to the necessity of drawing them out to the length of a speech. A single proof, or question, or hint, may be all that the state of the controversy, or the reflections of the speaker, suggest: but this must be amplified and reiterated, till the sense, perhaps, is lost or enfeebled, that he may not fall below the dignity of an orator. Conversation, careless and unfettered, that is sometimes

abrupt and sententious, sometimes fugitive and brilliant, and sometimes copious and declamatory, is a scene for which, without being much accustomed to it, I entertain great affection: it blends, more happily than any other method of instruction, utility and pleasure. No wonder I was desirous of knowing, long before the opportunity was afforded me, how far these valuable purposes were accomplished by the frequenters of Mrs. Carter's lyceum.

In the morning I had met the doctor at the bed-side of a sick friend, who had strength enough to introduce us to each other. At parting I received a special invitation for the evening, and a general one to be in force at all other times. At five o'clock I shut up my little school, and changed an alley in the city (dark, dirty, and narrow, as all alleys are) for the fresh air and smooth footing of the fields. I had not forgotten the doctor and his lyceum. Shall I go (said I to myself), or shall I not? No! said the pride of poverty and the bashfulness of inexperience. I looked at my unpowdered locks, my worsted stockings, and my pewter buckles. I bethought me of my embarrassed air and my uncouth gait. I pondered on the superciliousness of wealth and talents, the awfulness of flowing muslin, the mighty task of hitting on a right movement at entrance, and a right posture in sitting, and on the perplexing mysteries of tea-table decorum: but though confused and panic-struck, I was not vanquished.

I had some leisure particularly in the evening —could it be employed more agreeably or use-

fully? To read, to write, to meditate; to watch a declining moon, and the varying firmament, with the emotions of poetry or piety—with the optics of Dr. Young, or of De la Lande—were delightful occupations, and all at my command. Eight hours of the twenty-four were consumed in repeating the names and scrawling the forms of the alphabet, or in engraving on infantile memories that twice three make six; the rest was employed in supplying an exhausted, rather than craving stomach, in sleep, that never knew, nor desired to know, the luxury of down and the pomp of tissue; in unravelling the mazes of Dr. Waring; or in amplifying the seducing suppositions of, "if I were a king," or "if I were a lover." Few, indeed, are as happy as Alcuin. What is requisite to perfect my felicity, but the blessings of health, which is incompatible with periodical head-achs and the visits of rheumatism; of peace, which cannot maintain its post against the hum of a school, the discord of cart-wheels, and the rhetoric of a notable landlady; of competence—my trade preserves me from starving and nakedness, but not from the discomforts of scarcity, or the disgrace of shabbiness. Money, to give me leisure; and exercise, to give me health; these are all my lot denies: in all other respects I am the happiest of mortals. The pleasures of society, indeed, I seldom taste, that is, I have few opportunities of actual intercourse with that part of mankind whose ideas extend beyond the occurrences of the neighbourhood, or the arrangements of their household. Not but that,

when I want company, it is always at hand. My solitude is populous, whenever my fancy thinks proper to people it, and with the very beings that best suit my taste. These beings are, perhaps, on account of my slender expeperience, too uniform and somewhat grotesque. Like some other dealers in fiction, I find it easier to give new names to my visionary friends and vary their condition, than to introduce a genuine diversity into their characters. No one can work without materials. My stock is slender. There are times when I feel a moment's regret that I do not enjoy the means of enlarging it. But this detail, it must be owned, is a little beside the purpose. I merely intended to have repeated my conversation with Mrs. Carter, but have wandered, unawares, into a dissertation on my own character. I shall now return, and mention that I cut short my evening excursion, speeded homeward, and, after japanning anew my shoes, brushing my hat, and equipping my body in its best geer, proceeded to the doctor's house.

FASHIONS.

EVENING DRESS.—A trained petticoat of white muslin, with a short dress of pale blue silk or sham muslin, trimmed all round with broad black lace; plain white sleeves of lace or embroidered muslin. Habit shirt of lace. The hair represented in the most fashionable form.

Walking Dress.—Short round dress of white muslin; pelice of tea-coloured silk, drawn close round the neck, and trimmed all round with very broad black lace. A large straw bonnet lined with pink, and turned up all round.

Head-dresses.—1. A white lace placed on the head to form a cap; the right side hanging carelessly over the face, and ornamented with a row of beads and a medallion; the left side drawn close over the hair, with a wreath of roses.—2. A fashionable head-dress of hair, banded with hair and beads; a white ostrich feather in front.—3. A large straw bonnet, turned up in front, and lined with blue.—4. Cap of lace or muslin, ornamented with a green wreath.—5. White beaver hat, turned up in front, and ornamented with roses.—6. The hair dressed with a black velvet band and gem clasp.—7. A Chinese hat, trimmed round the edge with white lace, and ornamented with a wreath of flowers.—8. A white veil, thrown carelessly over the hair, and confined with a wreath of myrtle.

Observations.—At this season little alteration takes place in the general ornaments of dress; a few pelices have appeared, but white cloaks or fur tippets are yet most prevalent. In full dress, feathers and flowers are invariably used. The make of the dresses has not differed since last month. Lace is still much worn. The favorite colours are lilac, blue, and pea-green.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

AS yet neither of the winter theatres has yet ventured to perform every night. At Covent Garden, about the second week of the season, plays were pompously announced for every night, without (as heretofore was usual) consulting with the proprietors of the other house; however, from the scanty number of visitors, the manager was soon obliged to limit the nights. No novelty has been consequently produced; and therefore nothing remains to be noticed, except some revivals, and a few new performers.

DRURY-LANE.

On Saturday, Oct. 8, was revived Mr. Sheridan's entertainment of "The Camp," with

much splendor and success. A new song was introduced by Mr. Johnstone, in the character of O'Daub, the painter.

Oct. 22. A Mr. Lee, supposed to be a Jew by his accent, made his first appearance on any stage, in "The Duenna." His style of singing is somewhat like Mr. Braham's; and when he becomes accustomed to the boards, he will, no doubt, be a favorite.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Oct. 17. The play of "Pizarro" was performed for the first time at this theatre. Mr. Cooke was to have represented the tyrant, but being suddenly indisposed, the part was read by Mr. H. Siddons. Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons were *at home* in Rolla and Elvira; and Cora was ably sustained by Mrs. H. Siddons. On the 20th, Mr. Cooke performed Pizarro, but did not display superior excellence to Barrymore. The play of "The Stranger" has also been performed at this theatre, in which Mr. Kemble is no *Stranger* to the public. A Miss Mortimer has likewise represented Ophelia, and repeated the character with success.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR OCTOBER, 1803.

A POETIC EPISTLE

From a Gentleman in France to his Friend in England.

DEAR SIR, *Calais, July* 29, 1803.

YOUR lucubrations been brought over
To Calais, by a neutral ship, from Dover,
The commissaire, immediate, seiz'd the paper,
And having read it, 'gan to rail and vapour.
" Begar here be one very fine epitre,
And Monsieur SOW-WELL be un grand belitre!
Our Consul, whom the world can scarce contain,
He say that in one cage he will enchain:
Marbleu! this satire here no longer tarries,
I'll send it by a swift express to Paris."

Arriv'd, and safe deliver'd to the hand
Of that half church, half layman, Talleyrand,
Straddling his spectacles across his nose,
Thus in soliloquy—" Ha! 'tis not prose—
'Tis all in rhyme! Begar 'tis mighty odd!
Vat, serve our Consul up like head of cod!
Shew him, *pour deux sous*, at the contree fair,
Like ourang-outou, ape, or dancing bear!

Ha! ha! *c'est drole!* I can't refrain from laughter,
Were I to be encag'd for ever after.
Ot that they had him! *Je jure, par ma foi,*
Je pense que je me creverois de joie!"
Then, *mettant dans fa poche*, his visage gay,
To consul's palace solemn steers his way.
His entrance quick the Consul did descry,
And glanc'd him o'er with penetrating eye.
Perceiving grief sat perch'd upon his brow,
(Foreboding ill) cries, "Talleyrand, what now?"
The wary wight, slow, and with heaving sigh,
And tear of crocodile at either eye,
Drawn forth by juice of onion potent (aid
To buxom widow for a husband dead),
Exclaims—"Ah, sir! I tell with heartfelt grief,
One scoundrel rascal, *oui*, one English thief,
On whom may Heav'n inflict its choicest curses?
Has spatter'd you in dese here damn'd dog's verses!
He says—alas! grief doth my voice impede—
I can no more—take them yourself and read!

The Consul reads—what tongue can tell his rage?
"Ha! *ventrebleu!* vat, put me in de cage?
I'll write to George, their king, von two long letters,
And bid him send this Sow-well here in fetters.
Nought but just vengeance shall the rhymster screen,
His neck's devoted to the guillotine."

"Softly, good sir," squire Talleyrand replies,
"My sentiments it boots not to disguise:
Your letters, George most surely will consign,
An off'ring to the goddess Cloacine.
In England all are free—the wretch in rags,
As free as he who counts his well fill'd bags;
One equal law for peasant and for peer,
For him who sips Tokay, or swills small beer,
Witness the case of Monsieur Peltier."—

" Well then, since writing can't my cause avail,
Direct my fleet this instant to set sail;
On England's coast direct their cannon roar,
Nor cease their thunder till she is no more!"

" Consul, this seems a scheme of high perfection,
Yet there occurs to me one small objection——"
" Who dares object when Bonaparte wills,
Whose deathless fame the whole horizon fills?
Proclaim who first sets foot on English land,
Shall have the honor to salute my hand.
Nay more, when (feat perform'd) my hand is kist,
His name shall be inrolled on honor's list.
What tho' he starve on meagre soup and sallad,
His name shall be the burthen of each ballad."

" To trifle now, great Consul Bonapart,
With him who nearest dwells in this warm heart,"
Cries Talleyrand, well train'd to courtier's wiles,
To smirking looks, and sweet insidious smiles,
" Would be no less than treason to the state;
What I object, permit me to relate.
England, it strikes me, cannot be invaded—
Why so? you'll say.—Your ports are all blockaded.
That thorn in side, *Diable l'emporte!* Sir Sydney,
Thornborough, Warren, others of same kidney;
Nelson *ce grand Diable* of the Nile.
Who trimm'd your fleet in such unhandsome style.
Believe me, sir, they're all upon the scout,
Their only wish to see your ships come out;
They'd pounce upon them like an hawk on sparrow,
And nab them in the flying of an arrow."
Darting a ghastly look, upon ten toes
The Consul rose, for so the story goes,
Gnashing his teeth, devoting to the furies,
Our king, our laws, our armies, fleets, and juries.

For the Monthly Visitor.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY,

With Mrs. Chapone's Letters on the Improvement of the Mind.

THAT youth and beauty have a transient date,
A short duration and a certain fate,
Needs not be told; for each revolving year
This truth proclaims in language strong and clear;
O'er early joys it casts a gloomy shade,
To know that female charms so soon must fade.

Yet think not, lovely maid, I wish to throw
O'er ev'ry blissful scene a veil of woe,
Or fill your breast with apprehensions vain
Of losing what you cannot long retain.
No: far from me be that detested view;
May lasting pleasures be reserv'd for you—
Pleasures resulting from a mind improv'd,
From due regard to all, by all belov'd;
And from the happiest state which mortals share,
A partner's faithful, fond, endearing care.
Do not regret that beauty is so frail,
For still remains a source which cannot fail—
A source of comfort and of pure delight,
Which, even in affliction's darkest night,
A ray of splendid sunshine can impart
A beam of gladness reaching to the heart.
That source consists in excellence of mind,
In candour, love of truth, and sense refin'd,
In fair designs, in useful gen'rous aims,
And that devotion Heav'n so justly claims.
Be these attainments yours, and greatly live,
In peace of mind, which not the world can give.

Be not displeas'd because I recommend,
With all the freedom of a well-known friend,
These grand pursuits—of life the best employ,
The ground of hope which death cannot destroy.
When beauty's empire ceases to controul
All other wishes, and o'erwhelm the soul
In soft confusion, will these graces last,
And compensate for ev'ry trouble past.
Would'st see them pourtray'd? read th' instructive page
Chapone has left, to improve the rising age:
There they in native loveliness appear,
And seem more charming ev'ry circling year.

October, 1803. R.

For the Monthly Visitor.

PARAPHRASE

On Part of

HARVEY'S MEDITATIONS ON A FLOWER GARDEN.

Regular Succession observable in the Flowery Creation.

SEE how the flow'ry tribes throughout the year
In regular succession meet our eyes;
Not all at once their beauteous tints appear,
But all in orderly rotation rise.

While some of these dispense their rich perfume,
Some from the garden for a time retire,
But hold themselves in readiness to bloom,
And fill their stations when the rest expire.

The Snow-drop, foremost of the lovely train,
Breaks through the frozen soil her ready way;
She comes, while wintry storms and tempests reign,
Her early compliments to man to pay.

Dress'd in the robe of innocence, behold
She rises, fearless of stern winter's frown,
Long ere the trees their verdant leaves unfold,
E'en while the pendent icicles hang down.

Next slowly peeps the humble Crocus forth,
But from her bed with timid caution creeps,
Shrinks from the terrors of the howling north,
And closely to her lowly dwelling keeps.

Afraid she seems to venture far from home,
Or make too large excursions from her root;
While yet the ruffian winds thro' ether roam,
And scour the meadows o'er in swift pursuit.

Not last of all the shining flow'ry race,
From her low bed the modest Vi'let springs,
Adorn'd with fit accomplishments to grace
The rich parterres of princes or of kings.

But tho' so lovely, yet it condescends
To line our hedges and adorn the fields,
Its odours unsolicited expands,
And freely its emissive fragrance yields.

Yet while it thus distributes all its sweets,
With humble aim, itself retires from sight;
Seeks not the admiration which it meets,
But rather to administer delight.

Expressive emblem of the virtuous mind,
Which in obscurity delights to bloom;
Whose cheering influence multitudes can find,
Who scarcely know from whence their comforts come.

Engaging motive to those lib'ral hands
Which seek th' abodes of penury and woe,

Wait not for pinching poverty's demands,
But unsolicted their gifts bestow!

The Polyanthus, which of late so bright
Along the border spread her fragrant store,
Or in our windows gave us fresh delight,
Her sparkling beauties lost, is now no more!

I saw the charms of her complexion fade,
I mark'd the failure of her od'rous breath,
Till, faint and weak, and all her sweets decay'd,
She sought the silent grave, and sunk in death.

Scarce has this droop'd, ere, with superior charms,
The rich Auricula displays its gloss,
Dress'd in a grand variety of forms,
And more than compensates our former loss.

See where she now her crystal eye unveils,
Her vest of glossy satin now expands,
Her beauteous form a sweet perfume exhales,
And powder'd with a silver bloom she stands!

Distinguish'd flow'rs! the florist's fav'rite care!
Scarce one among them but can proudly boast,
The name of some great character to bear,
Or represents some celebrated toast.

Yet, spite of their illustrious titles, these
Have lost the splendor they possess'd at first;
Their fragrance gone, they lose their pow'r to please,
They fall, and mingle with the meanest dust!

Who but would grieve to see them thus decay,
Did not the splendid Tulips now arise?
Rais'd on their stately stalks, superbly gay,
Their num'rous beauties captivate our eyes.

The tints with which they flush the rich parterre,
Not blooming nature's gayest dress excels:
How far more bright their sumptuous robes appear
Than all the birth-night suits of beaux and belles!

Here beauty's wanton innocence is shewn,
Here she displays a thousand various freaks;
Her mingled tints are here profusely thrown,
And ev'ry flow'r unfolds her beauteous streaks.

Yet not to coquetry she here aspires,
For while she thus her lovely changes plays,
'Tis not to kindle dissolute desires,
But to set forth her great Creator's praise.

Soon the Anemone begins to bloom,
Encircled with a spreading robe below;
Above, its foliage forms a stately dome,
And midst uncultur'd woods it deigns to grow.

Its mantle, loosely floating in the wind,
A nobly-graceful negligence displays;
Each bending tuft, with gentle ease reclin'd,
The nicest symmetry to all pourtrays:

Like some fine gentleman, the lovely flow'r
Appears amidst surrounding shrubs and trees,
Because its charms, methinks, possess the pow'r
Of pleasingly combining art with ease.

The bold Ranunculus, of glowing red,
Blows the same month, in nature's colours drest;
A rich enamel by degrees is spread,
In radiant tinges, o'er the lovely guest.

As men of worth the empty arts despise
Which fops, to recommend themselves, exert;
So this bright flow'r disdains the false disguise
Which powders, paints, and essences impart:

Its own superior dignity and grace,
Its noble form, with all its radiant hues,
Need not their trivial aid, to gain a place
Among the fav'rites which the curious choose.

Methinks that nature's powerful skill amends,
Her latest strokes excel her labours past:
To crown the gay collection which she sends,
The rich Carnation she bestows at last:

What charms regale our captivated eyes,
When we its noble spread of graces view,
While the sweet odours which profusely rise,
Delight another of our senses too;

This single flow'r th' united charms contains,
Which all its predecessors once possest;
Soon as it comes, such great regard it gains,
We scarce regret the absence of the rest.

The constant Gillyflow'r, as thro' the year,
The varying seasons in their turns advance,
Attends your garden, like a friend sincere,
And adds fidelity to complaisance:

While others charm us but a transient space,
This faithful flow'r a guest perpetual stands.
But who the endless catalogue can trace
Or count these lovely gifts of nature's hands?

An endless multiplicity appears,
When we their forms and characters survey,
And their approaches thro' revolving years,
A constant regularity display.

Each month diversifies the beauteous shew,
With ornaments peculiarly its own;
But, gracious God, from thee these blessings flow,
And nature's works proceed from thee alone:

Nature's great God! by thee our path is strew'd
With countless flow'rs, which blossom while we gaze;
And still to thee for ever be renew'd
The song of gratitude and boundless praise!

Islington. JAQUES.

For the Monthly Visitor.

TO MR. MACKINTOSH,

On reading his animated Speech to the Loyal North Britons.

YES, Mackintosh! thy speech, by freedom fir'd,
Shall make the tortur'd tyrant feel her power;
Shall dart dismay into the dastards hir'd
To trample on her rights in luckless hour.
By boasting, courage ne'er can be display'd,
Nor by despising danger when 'tis nigh:
But with thee we shall meet it undismay'd,
Nor dread to view it with expanded eye.
What tho' he brav'd the petulant disease
And scorching heats of desert Afric's plains—
Can Britain stoop, a tyrant's pride to please?
Can British freedom bear a tyrant's chains?
What tho' he scal'd the towering Alps, that rear
Their snowy summits o'er once far-fam'd Rome,
Can Bonaparte make Britannia fear?
Then let degraded slavery be our doom!

Then, with low fawning Frenchmen, let us plan,
To offer shameful incense at his shrine,
To deify a wretched fellow man,*
And meanness thus with impious guilt combine.
Forbid it, Heaven! If wretches without shame
Prefer a coward's eyes, a tyrant's smiles,
To virtuous freedom, or a deathless name:
None such there are, we trust, in Britain's isles.
No, Mackintosh! the hills which gave thee birth,
Ne'er groan'd beneath a base usurper's sway.
Then to oppose this tyrant of the earth,
Undaunted still, let's mingle in the fray:
Rouse, rouse, to arms! too long do we delay,
Let freedom's awful banners be unfurl'd—
Britain these banners proudly shall display,
And stand alone amid a conquer'd world.

A HIGHLANDER.

STANZAS TO A REDBREAST,

Near the Sea-shore.

SWEET solitary bird! perchance thy plaintive lay,
When orient beams have ting'd the cheerful dawn,
Or at the silent solemn close of day,
Has oft times charm'd dear Frankville's peaceful lawn.

And softly warbling round the well known hall,
(Where fond remembrance dwells on pleasures past,
But ah, sweet bird! those joys were not to last)
Thy song has echo'd from the garden wall.

* See the account of the reception he met with in some of the towns of France, soon after the signing of the Definitive Treaty.

Perchance those elms which shade the grassy lane
Have been thy shelter from th' inclement storm,
And ere thy notes were whistled to the main,
First gave a twig to perch thy little form.

And oh! when wintry snows, with blasts severe,
Thy frozen wings have tempted to the door,
Perchance that hand, to me for ever dear,
Has thrown thee crumbs upon the quarried floor.

Then why, lorn bird? forsake thy native plains,
Where ev'ry joy, where ev'ry beauty reigns,
To lonely wander on this wild retreat,
Where billows roar, and storms tremendous beat!

Nay, fly not, robin! fav'rite of the grove!
Nor think, sweet bird! I'd harm thy rosy breast.
Oh me! thy pensive dirge I dearly love,
It sooths my soul, and lulls my cares to rest.

Yet stay not here, but wing thy speedy flight,
To that dear scene which now my fancy views,
To Frankville's plains return, ere gloomy night
Shall o'er the world her sable veil diffuse.

There tune thy sonnet all the live-long day,
Thro' each symphonious strain ecstatic roll;
Perhaps while chanting from some friendly spray,
Thy song may charm belov'd Elvira's soul.

And oh! when wintry winds are o'er,
When spring shall deck the fields once more,
When summer comes with garlands bland,
And leads a heav'nly lovely band,
In Frankville's dear delightful dales,
Her verdant lawns, and primrose vales,
With thee, my fav'rite bird, I'll dwell;
And oh! till then, sweet redbreast! fare thee well!

Childwell. FRANKVILLE.

Literary Review.

Travels from Moscow through Prussia, Germany, Switzerland, France, and England, by Nicolai Karamsin. Translated from the German. In three volumes.

THE Russian empire has not only wonderfully grown, in the course of the last century, but the understandings of the inhabitants have been much cultivated and improved. They are beginning to take a part in the literature of Europe, and may, at some future period, by their researches and discoveries, astonish the world.

The writer of these Travels seems a sensible and well informed man; his predilection for men of genius, and his visiting them wherever he came, renders the work replete with amusement. We have seldom obtained more information respecting the foreign literati from any publication; nor can we help being much pleased with being thus introduced to the acquaintance of men of taste and science on the continent, who have for years employed their talents to enlighten and reform mankind.

The extent of country through which this Russian nobleman passed, presents a wide field for observation; and we must confess that the remarks made are natural and impressive. There is ever a tenderness of sentiment which diffuses itself throughout the whole, interesting and charming the heart.

He visited France just as the revolution broke out—hence many interesting anecdotes respecting that memorable event. And as to England, this intelligent foreigner was much gratified: he is a warm admirer of our language, customs, manners, and institutions.—Judging from this part, of the manner in which the work is executed, we believe that the account of other countries is equally faithful.—We indeed recommend the perusal of these pages to our countrymen: they combine an equal portion of amusement and instruction.

Addisoniana. In two volumes.

THE reader may possibly stare when he reads the title of this book; and it indeed requires a knowledge of the Latin language to enter into its full signification. But why use such titles? Why introduce such uncouth words into our tongue? Is it a proof of taste or of genius? The ignorant must stare, and the learned must smile at such pedantic appellations. Much better would it have been to have called this performance, "Anecdotes illustrative of Joseph Addison, Esq." this would

have been intelligible, and could not fail of making an impression.

Though we make these free remarks on the work before us, yet with pleasure we approve of the contents. It consists of a series of anecdotes relative to Addison, some of which are amusing, and others are sources of instruction.

We all know that Addison sustained the character of statesman, philosopher, and poet. As a statesman, he was not a man of much vigour, though characterized by integrity. As a philosopher, he was sensible and amiable, inclining to view human life in its most favorable situations: the Spectators are a sufficient proof of this declaration. As a poet, his tragedy of Cato is beautiful both in its language and tendency: few pieces of the kind, when read in the closet, have met with a more entire approbation. Upon the whole, Addison was a truly excellent character, and though not happy in his marriage with the Countess of Warwick, yet he was deserving to be made happy, and is entitled to the affection and veneration of posterity.

"*The Duty of every Briton at this perilous Moment.*" *A Sermon preached at Worship-street on Wednesday, Oct.* 19, 1803, *the Day appointed for a National Fast; to which is added, an Account of the Destruction of the Spanish Armada, being the greatest Force ever brought together for the Invasion of this Country. By John Evans, A.M.*

MR. E. remarks, in his preface, that Solon, the legislator of Athens, enacted a law to pu-

nish every citizen with death who remained *neuter*, when the great interests of the public are at stake. Of this *neutrality* the preacher is by no means guilty, for he calls loudly on his countrymen to repel the invading enemy. His text is, "They helped every one his neighbour, and every one said unto his brother, Be of good courage!" From these words Mr. E. observes, that each may help his neighbour by proffering his advice, his bodily strength, and a necessary portion of his worldly property. And the topics on which he urges the exercise of Courage are, that our cause is just, that ample means are taken for our defence, and that we are fervently imploring the blessing of Heaven on our country. The conclusion warmly expatiates on that spirit of unanimity which pervades all ranks of people on this awful occasion. We shall insert it, as it is not long, and peculiarly appropriate to the times;—

"I close this address with congratulating you and the rest of my countrymen, on a circumstance which may well give joy to us all—it is, that a spirit of unanimity pervades all ranks and descriptions of people, on this important occasion! Whatever dissensions, religious or political, may have prevailed, they are now no more! The rancorous spirit of party is laid asleep—would to God that I could say it were for ever extinguished! We forget our lines of discrimination, that we may join hand and heart in the salvation of our country! A pleasing proof of the truth of this declaration respecting our unanimity, is, that the prayer, drawn up for the use of the established church this day, has a clause indicative of their good wishes for those who dissent from

that establishment. Indeed, happy would it be, were this spirit of love and unity cherished on all occasions; religion and good government would then diffuse more widely its blessings.

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for men to dwell together in unity!" "Many things (says Bishop Horne) are good which are not pleasant, and many pleasant which are not good. But unity among brethren, whether civil or religious, is productive both of profit and pleasure. Of profit, because therein consist the welfare and security of every society. Of pleasure, because mutual love is the source of delight, and the happiness of one becomes in that case the happiness of all. It is unity which gives beauty as well as strength to the state; which renders the church at the same time 'fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners.'

"The spirit of unanimity may be compared to that powerful cement which renders material substances hard enough to be polished, and thus makes them subservient to the useful and ornamental arts of life. Without that cohesive property, even the precious metals themselves would be of little service to mankind. Thus is it in the moral and political world—without unanimity every thing would remain loose and unconnected, running into disorder and confusion. It is this which imparts form and beauty to every design—life and permanency to every plan. It is indeed so essential a virtue, that it may be pronounced the parent of innumerable benefits to every community. But, blessed be God! this unanimity is ours, and that in a degree scarcely ever known at any former period in our history. Is it not then a token for good? May it not be regarded as an indication of the divine favor towards this nation? Would it be too much to add, that it is almost a sure proof that Heaven is on our

side, and that he will give a favorable issue to the contest? In examining the history of other nations, the want of unanimity preceded their destruction—the disunion of their constituent parts was followed by their entire dissolution. In ancient times, thus fell Greece and Rome; in modern times, Holland and Switzerland! Rejoice, then, O Britain! that there is no want of union amongst your happy tribes; this symptom of decay, this forerunner of dissolution, this purple spot of death cannot be found on this your country. Cherish devoutly that portion of health and vigor which remains, and all things will be well! Methinks I already see you, having repelled the enemy from your shores, returning back to your wives, to your families, to your habitations, amidst the acclamations of the multitude, and your brows encircled with the laurels of victory:

This northern isle, our native land,
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand;
Our foes of victory dream in vain,
And own the captivating chain.

WATTS.

"Finally, you recollect the well known fable of the dying father calling his children round his bed, recommending them concord and unity, and, above all, cautioning them against falling out with each other. Having a bundle of rods, he gave it his sons, and bade them try their strength in breaking it asunder—they tried in vain; taking the rods into his own hands, he unloosed them, and laying hold of them separately, one by one, he with ease broke them asunder before their eyes. Any child in this assembly may apply this moral to the present state of our beloved country.

"We close the whole with a solemn petition to the Supreme Being, taken from the sacred writings, 'That he would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life. Amen.'"

The sketch of the Spanish Armada cannot fail of being interesting to every class of readers, particularly to the rising generation.

Courage and Union in a Time of National Danger, a Sermon preached Oct. 9, 1803, at the Unitarian Chapel, Essex-street, by the Rev. J. Joyce.

THIS discourse justly states the many comforts and advantages we enjoy in this country; and of course the author bears his decided testimony in favor of the means taken to ward off the evils which must arise from an invasion.—From the passage, "Shall such a man as I flee?" he takes an opportunity to recommend that spirit of courage and unanimity which must be the only means of saving the country. The preacher very justly remarks, that should the enemy succeed in their intentions, we shall be for ever ruined.

A familiar Conversation on religious Bigotry, Candour, and Liberality, humbly intended as a Persuasive to greater Moderation, Union, and Peace amongst the Followers of Christ. By David Eaton.

THE spirit of bigotry is an enemy to true religion, and therefore every friend to christi-

anity should labour for its extirpation. We are happy to announce these dialogues, as being particularly calculated to answer that valuable end. The author is a plain unlettered man, but possessing a strong mind, and a thorough acquaintance with his bible, he writes well.—We wish success to this publication.

An Address to the Inhabitants of Britain, founded on the Advice of Nehemiah to the Jews: "I looked, and rose up, and said unto the Nobles, and to the Rulers, and to the rest of the People—Be not ye afraid of them; remember the Lord, who is great and terrible, and fight for your Brethren, your Sons, and your Daughters, your Wives, and your Houses. With an explanatory and vindicatory Introduction by John Evans, A.M. Third Edition, corrected; to which is added, a Character of the French Government by Mr. Robert Emmett, executed lately in Ireland.

MR. E. the editor, in this new edition, justifies the strong language which he has used in his preface against the French, as an *invading enemy*; and notices with spirit the contents of an abusive anonymous letter received by him from a Quaker, who strangely condemns *all* resistance on this present momentous occasion.

Retrospect of the Political World

FOR OCTOBER, 1803.

FOR some time past we have had only to announce the threats of the enemy, and the preparations we were making for his overthrow. Our duty to our country obliges us to continue this same strain, and we trust it will not be continued in vain. Our foes, according to the public prints, are busier than ever in constructing vessels, and in forwarding every measure for the prosecution of the undertaking. All the French ports that lie opposite England are fast filling with men and with flat-bottomed boats, by which they are to be conveyed with ease and expedition to our native shores. They seem determined on our destruction.

But shall the inhabitants of Britain fear?—No! our army and our navy, our volunteers rallying round the standard of freedom, our exertions in every direction are of such a nature, that we cannot submit to the yoke of a foreign enemy. Our country and its privileges are too dear, to be ravished from us with impunity: we have too deep a sense of the important blessings we enjoy, to part with them without exerting all our might for their security to us and our posterity. Britons, awake! arise!—be faithful to yourselves, and you will lead on your brave bands amidst the acclamations of your countrymen to Triumph and Victory!

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR OCTOBER, 1803.

2. SINGULAR alarm on the coast of Cornwall, by the appearance of a large fleet. The drums of the royal Cornish Miners, in the barracks at the Berry, beat to arms, the draw-bridge drawn up, and the Fencibles assembled to meet the enemy. The ships, however, proved to be part of the Jamaica fleet homeward bound!

5. An eccentric peer, with some companions, passing through Cavendish-square, about one o'clock in the morning, determined to have some sport with the watchmen. The pastime became serious, and had recourse to blows: the guardians of the night, after a severe contest, overcame their opponents, and took them to the watch-house. They were brought before a magistrate, and made to pay liberally for their diversion.

7. A fire broke out at Woolwich, near the Warren, which consumed several buildings. Apprehensions were entertained for that valuable military depot; but plenty of water being conveyed to the spot, the fire was stopped without further injury.

9. The Bishop of Chester preaching in the new church of St. Mark, Liverpool, the gallery, much crouded, gave way, and occasioned tremendous sensations. No lives were lost; but it might have proved a very serious calamity.

12. A dreadful fire broke out at the White Hart Inn, St. Albans: the fire raged with incredible fury. Several travellers, lodging there for the night, escaped with difficulty. The cause of the dreadful accident is not yet ascertained.

15. A Gravesend boat ran foul of a small wherry, and overturned it with two gentlemen, but they were saved; their bruises, however, considerable, and it was thought one would not have recovered. Such accidents might be prevented by care. The Gravesend boat was carried along with great rapidity.

16. His royal highness the Duke of Cumberland gave a splendid dinner at Gloucester house, Hot-wells, to the royal Bristol Volunteers, and to all the military officers of the several corps in the garrison.

19. A solemn fast kept throughout the kingdom with uncommon spirit and solemnity. In every church, and in every meeting-house, exhortations were given to patriotism as well as christianity. The pulpits resounded with calls to "fight for our brethren, our wives, our children, and our houses!" There appears not to have been a dissentient voice—unanimity and courage were the order of the day. Surely under such auspices we must triumph, we must go on to victory!

25. This being the coronation of his present majesty, the day was ushered in with ringing of bells, and other tokens of joy and festivity.

25. Grand review, in Hyde Park, of the volunteers, by his majesty; with innumerable

spectators. The whole was conducted with great spirit and dignity.

28. The remaining portion of the volunteers reviewed by his majesty as on the former occasion. Such sights as these, at this awful crisis, invigorate and delight. When threatened with destruction by an invading enemy, no other means could be taken more effectual for their overthrow. Success, then, to these our brave countrymen! their exertions should be acknowledged by us and our posterity.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

WM. ROSS, Liverpool, merchant. James Rodgett, late of Blackburn, Lancaster, muslin manufacturer. John Croke, Morgan's lane, Southwark, salesman. Rayner Cox. Saxmundham, Suffolk, money-scrivener. Wm. Lawson, Manchester, grocer. John Unthank and Robert Meredith, Manchester, manufacturers. Robert Meek, Eccleshall, Stafford, grocer. Edward Eagleton, late of Cheapside, London, grocer and tea-dealer. Thomas Pitter, Jermyn street, St. James's gold and silver laceman. George Dawes, Rood lane, Fenchurch street, brandy merchant. Ann Pugh, Chatham, Kent, shopkeeper. Andrew Johnstone, of the Pavement, Moorfields, merchant. David Cannon, Warwick court, Holborn, chemist. Alexander Dalgafrns, Wm. Bruce, and John Bridge, late of Liverpool, merchants. John Ralp Battier and John Jacob Battier, Gould square, Crutchedfriars, London, merchants. James Wanklin,

Knighton, Radnor, mercer. Richard Hattersley, Doncaster, York, grocer. Wm. Urquhart, Sion College Gardens, London, merchant. Benjamin James, Northampton, bootmaker. Thomas Johnson, St. Martin's court, Leicester square, umbrella maker. Wm. Ogilvie and James Ogilvie, Saville row, St. James, Westminster, army agents. James Hague and James M. Sawyer, Tower Royal, merchants. David Canaan, Warwick court, Holborn, chemist. Richard Ivory, St. Clements, Oxford, upholder. Joseph Salmon, Great Clacton, Essex, linen draper. Samuel Dyson, Soyland, Yorkshire, merchant. Broadfield Sissmore and Richard Croskey, Basinghall street, London, merchants. Richard Emerson, of Needham-Market, Suffolk, miller. Thomas Dukes, Ratcliff Highway, shopkeeper. Edmund Baines, Leicester, woolstapler. John Smith, Bristol, turner. Wm. Dalton, the elder, Fox and Knott yard, Snow-hill, London, dealer in hay and straw. Charles Martemont, Rathbone place, Oxford street, Middlesex, straw hat manufacturer. John Willy, Oxford street, Middlesex; trunk maker. Charles Robert Ellis, Middle New street, Fleet street, jeweller. Thomas Prescot King, West Cowes, Isle of Wight, linen draper. Robert Williams, Rodychain, and Wm. Williams, Penmoria, Carnarvonshire, dealers John Wood, Broad street, Ratcliffe, linen draper. Bingley Watson, Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, carpenter. Wm. Painter, Mixbury, Oxfordshire, farmer. Thomas Smith, Stratford-under the Castle, Wilts, feltmonger. Matthew Brown, St. John's square, printer. John Cocks, Holborn, jeweller.

REMARKABLE BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS IN OCTOBER, 1803.

BIRTHS.

MRS. White, of Thrumpton, near Retford, was safely delivered of three children, two girls and one boy, all likely to do well.

At his house, in Upper Guildford street, the lady of Thomas Plumer, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Bowen's Court, County of Cork, the seat of Henry Cole Bowen, Esq. Michael Cox, of Castletown, County of Kilkenny, Esq. to the Hon. Miss Prittie, daughter of the late and sister of the present Lord Dunally.

At Struathams John Fox Seaton, Esq. of Pontefract, to Miss Brown, daughter of Thomas Brown, Esq. of Upper Tooting.

At Houghton-le Spring, the Rev. Francis Reed, to Miss Mary Ann Story.

At St. Johnlee Church, Mr. Thomas Walker, of Low Fotherly, to Miss Thompson.

William St. Julien Arabin, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Miss Meux, eldest daughter of Richard Meux, Esq. of Bloomsbury square.

At Worcester, Capt. Marcus J. Annesley, nephew to the Right Hon. Richard Earl Annesley, to Miss Caroline Smith.

The Rev. John Hutton, of Houghton-le-Spring, in the County of Durham, to Miss Monypenny, daughter of the late James Monypenny, of Matham Hall, in the County of Kent, Esq.

At Esher, Surrey, William Barlow, of Chatham

place, to Miss Louisa Harris, daughter of Richard Harris, Esq. of Esher.

At St. Paul's, Covent Garden, Mr. S. Sotheby, of York street, Covent Garden, to Miss Harriet Barton, of Fort Place, Bermondsey, daughter of Richard Harris, Esq. of the Isle of Wight.

At St. Mary-le-bow, Cheapside, Thomas, James Riley, Esq. of the General Post Office, London, to Miss Mary Ann Gallop, of Bow lane, Cheapside.

In the island of Guernsey, John Cameron, Esq. major in his majesty's 43d Light Infantry regiment, to Miss Amelia Brock, niece of Admiral Sir James Saumarez, Bart.

DEATHS.

At Badminton, Gloucestershire, aged 17, Lady Anne Elizabeth Somerset, the youngest daughter of the Duke and Dutchess of Beaufort.

At Milan, of a nervous fever, the celebrated naturalist, Fontana.

At his house at Pimlico, John Hume, Esq. late of the Victualling-office, aged 69.

At Bridgenorth, greatly respected by a numerous acquaintance, Mr. Richard Corbett, high bailiff of that corporation. In him was found the truly honest man.

At Gainsborough, Elizabeth Warriner, aged 26. She went to bed at a late hour on a Thursday night, apparently in good health, and died at seven o'clock the next morning.

At Peterborough, ——— Bevis, Esq. aged 78. Several times during the present season this hale veteran has pursued the sports of the field for ten hours together, and but a few days ago was well enough to get out, and shot a hare.

At Oatford, Herts, in the 70th year of her age

Mrs. Newman, sister to the late Alderman Newman.

In the 14th year of her age, Miss Caroline Harford, daughter of Mr. Harford, Clapham Common.

At Guernsey, Capt. John Tew, of the 15th regt. of foot.

At Maidenhead, on his return to his house at Chertsey, R. Rouglas, of Mains.

At his seat at Mistley, near Manningtree, Essex, Everhard Fawkener, Esq. one of the commissioners of Stamps.

At Firsby, Mary Dobney, wife of Wm. Dobney, farmer. She being much younger than her surviving husband, used to say, she would soon bury her poor old man, and then she would marry a young one.

At his seat at Badmington, in Gloucestershire, after an indisposition of several weeks, his Grace the Duke of Beaufort. His complaint was the gout, a disorder to which he was much subject. In the last attack, it daily increasing, the first medical aid was resorted to, but without effect: the gout getting into the stomach, caused his instantaneous death. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, the Marquis of Worcester, M. P for Gloucestershire.

At Epsom, Surrey, aged 98, Mrs. Nicholls, relict of Dr. Frank Nicholls, mother of John Nicholls, late M. P. and daughter of the late Dr. Mead.

At Somer's Town, Mr. Sedgwick, of Drury-lane theatre

At his house at Langford, in Wiltshire, aged 65, Robert Burland, Esq. youngest brother of the late Sir John Burland, a baron of the exchequer, and uncle to J. Berkeley Burland, Esq. M. P. for Totness.

At Kensington, Mrs. Derippe.

At her house in Marlborough street, Bath, Mrs. Welsh Porter, relict of the late and mother to the present Welsh Porter, Esq. of Farnby Abbey.

Near Cadleish, Devon, Mr. J. Peacs, aged 90.—In a concealed part of the house was found 6,000 guineas and half-guineas, to the great joy of the executors. He always pleaded want of money.

Suddenly, at his house at Peckham, Sir John William Rose, Recorder of the city of London.—He is succeeded in his office by John Silvester, Esq. late Common Serjeant.

At Ripon, in the 48th year of his age, W. Bell, Esq. surgeon, alderman of that borough, and cornet in the North Regiment of West Riding Cavalry.

In Widcombe poor-house, Johannah Bowden, aged 103.

At his house in Westminster, aged 94, Captain Thomas Burton, of the royal Invalids. He was the oldest officer in his majesty's service, and formerly of the Coldstream regiment of Foot Guards, in which he lost an arm at the battle of Fontenoy, in the year 1745.

At his father's house, Humphrey Kynaston, Esq. second son of Thomas Kynaston, of the Grove, Witham, Essex.

At Barrogil Castle, of a fever, in the 17th year of her age, the Right Hon Lady Helen Sinclair, second daughter of the Earl of Caithness.

At Aidsalla, in the county of Meath (Ireland), the Right Hon. Earl Ludlow, at an advanced age. He is succeeded in his honors by his eldest son, Lord Preston.

At Wakefield, of a compression of the brain, Thomas Milner, warehouseman. The disease of which he died was brought on by his garters being

too tight during the time of exercising with the Wakefield volunteers, last month, whereby the circulation of the blood was fatally obstructed.

The hereditary Princess Helena Powlona, of Mecklenburgh, sister to the Emperor Alexander of Russia.

At Offenham, Worcestershire, aged 83, Mr. E. Sheaf; and just as the hearse came to fetch the deceased, his wife, Mrs. Ann Sheaf, also aged 83.

At Turnham Green, Dr. Griffith, founder and chief proprietor of the Monthly Review, which he conducted himself almost wholly from the time of its institution till his death; and the founder of a work which has in its progress been so materially instrumental in promoting critical literature in this country, deserves a commendatory record, independently of his own personal merits. Dr. Griffith was many years a bookseller in Paternoster-row; but on account of the great success of the above work, he was induced to resign his business, and devote himself wholly to the Review. The world is in a great measure indebted to him for the pleasure which it has derived from the works of Goldsmith, who was rescued by him from a state of drudgery unworthy of his talents, and raised to that height of literary fame which he will always possess among the poets of this country.

To Correspondents.

Several of our Correspondents, who have been long in expectation of seeing their articles inserted, will be gratified with the contents of the present number; as well as our readers in general.

Engraved by K. Mackenzie from a Drawing by Dighton

Mr. FAWCET.